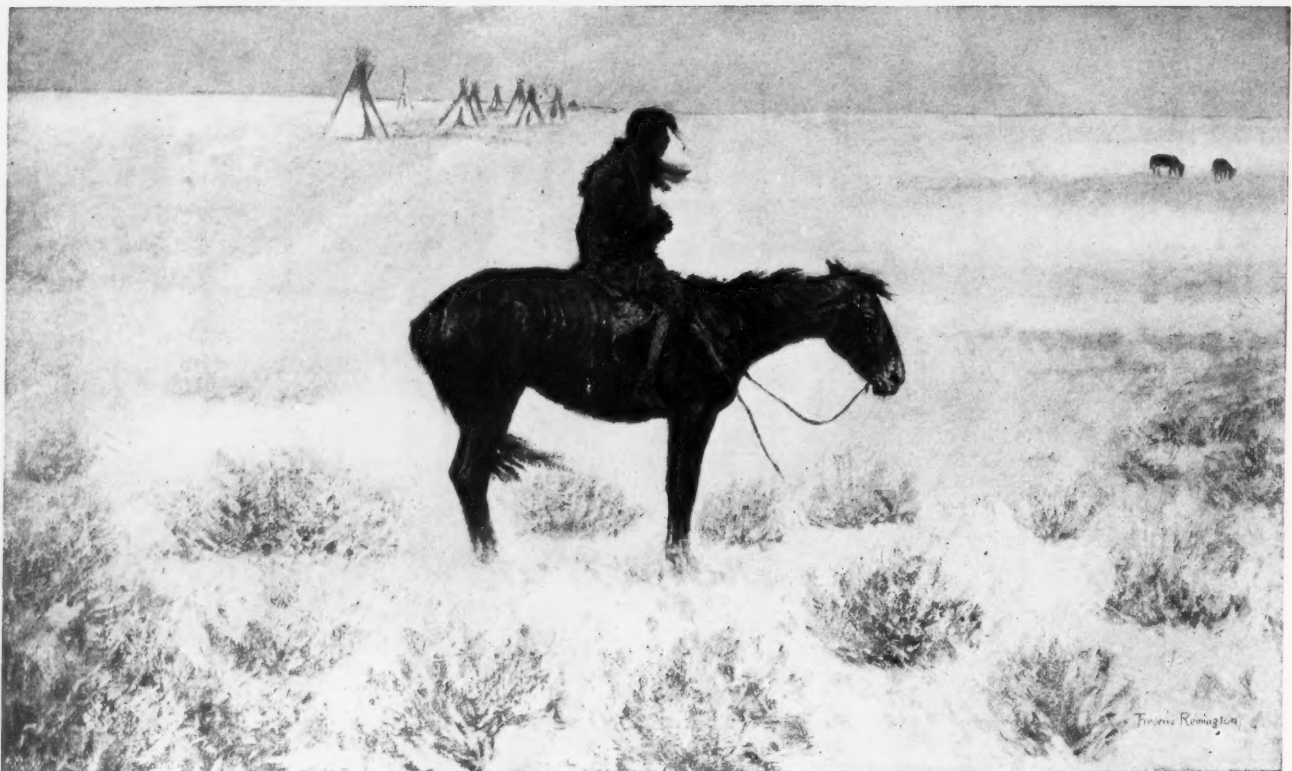


Captain Mahan's Article on Togo's Victory in this Number

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY





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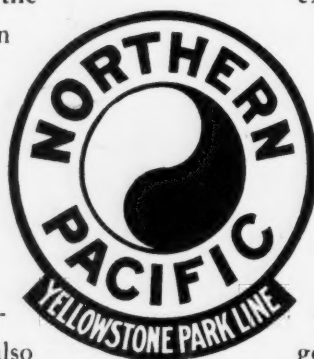
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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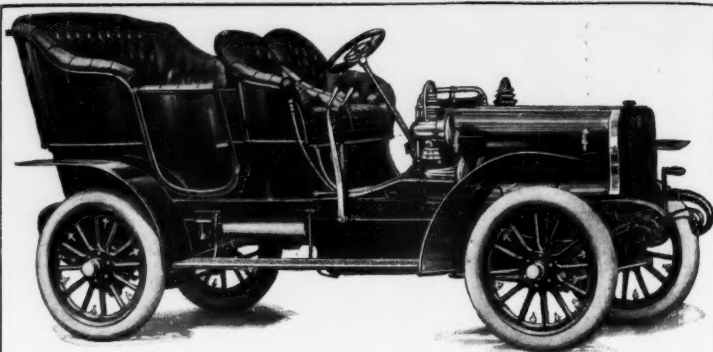
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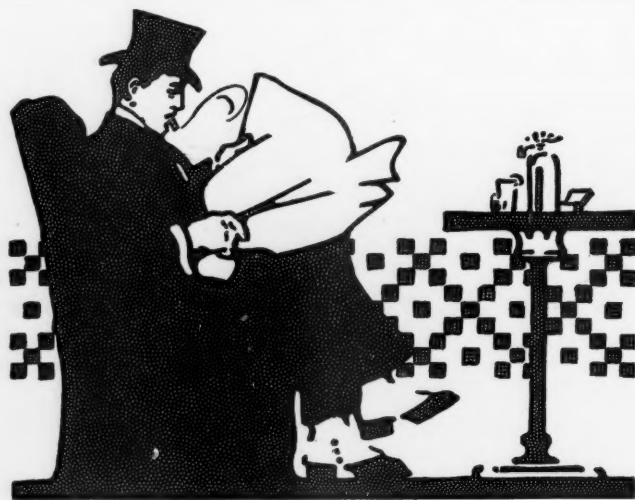
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"THAT WAS THE HOTTEST SHELL GAME I'VE EVER BEEN UP AGAINST!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE
(1)



THE TRIUMPH OF JAPAN is taken in various ways by a complicated universe. We prefer to observe it in the first place for what it teaches of value to ourselves. The American bill for alcoholic drinks during a single year is estimated in dollars alone at a billion and a quarter.

What it is in consequences who shall estimate? Japan drinks with the moderation which she exhibits in every phase of life. Her people so far care less for show, for personal conspicuousness, than they do for ends of general weight. Mr. ROOSEVELT, it seems to us, makes too much noise about the fighting-ship aspect of the war. The Japanese were worried for months by the fewness of their battleships, but in the end they won, not by numbers but by morality—by sobriety, devotion, courage, and intelligence. They did not win by talk and bluster either. They have shown, in peace and war, a calm fair-mindedness, a predominating taste, a hostility to mere noise and thunder, an ability to be quiet and

DRAWING
THE MORAL

mind their business, whether that business be art, domestic labor, or deadly war. To be sure of the quality of our sailors, the disinterestedness of promotions, the honesty of contracts, the subordination of personal gain and ambition—all this is more important than the tonnage of our fleet. It is not so much the number of torpedo boats or battleships as it is the way they will be managed in emergency. In reading of Japanese victories we have reflected less upon the exact number of our ships than we have on the promotion of General WOOD, the career of General ALGER, the squabble between SAMPSON and SCHLEY, the politics for and against MILES, the temporary madness of Admiral DEWEY, and the relation between naval contracts and the acquisition of private wealth. Some of our readers will think this editorial is unsympathetic, but there are two ideals of patriotism. The Russian bureaucrats rejoiced loudly and sufficiently in their virtues and their prowess. The Japanese represented an ideal which was different, but not less truly patriotic.

JAPANESE GENERALLY BELIEVE that America, and other Western nations also, have made a mistake in changing the relation of women to public life. They think that woman's expanded influence must inevitably lessen in the men the qualities that were needed in the Korean Straits in those desperate days and nights of May. Woman is merciful, tender-hearted, and a great hater of war. Of course, no country can go backward in this respect, for the sake of greater warlike efficiency, and probably none would do so if it could, as kindness in ordinary life, and justice to one whole sex, may well

INFLUENCES
AGAINST VALOR

outbalance in worth the heroic virtues occasionally needed in the last extremity. Japan is likely to be changed by the conditions that have been at work in other lands—the emancipation of woman, the conservative and anti-military influence of trade, and the personal ambition which will play a larger part with the increase of democracy and the decay of feudal and monarchical conceptions. The Oriental nature may be an obstacle to these changes, but to some extent they are inevitable. Japan is now in the ideal state for war, and it is not at all likely that the average soldier or sailor will be as powerful a fighting unit in fifty years as he is to-day.

BARKING AGAINST MR. BONAPARTE as Secretary of the Navy because he is independent in local politics shows the penury to which partisan enthusiasts are frequently reduced in the matter of intelligence. Even if the new Secretary had been a Democrat in national elections, the crime of putting him in the Cabinet would have seemed to us not among the most heinous, but as he is a thorough Republican it is doubly ridiculous to see his impartial hostility to both machines in Maryland,

NONSENSE

forcing politicians to brand him as a Democrat. One of the things we most need to learn, if we are to have honest State and City Governments in the United States, is that Mayors, Aldermen, State legislators, Governors, and Commissioners of Public Works are to be judged not from their views of THOMAS JEFFERSON, the Philippines, tariff reform, or diplomacy in the Orient, but from their honesty and fitness for the task with which they are intrusted. Few men of our time have made this distinction more successfully than Mr. BONAPARTE. He has been member of a party without being irrelevantly and foolishly a partisan. His standards of civic life are high, he is eminent in his

profession, fearless in his acts, and of such general intelligence that he will do something to stem the degeneracy of the Cabinet since MCKINLEY's death. He agrees with the President about the navy, although his voice is not so raucous, and altogether the selection is one in which the country should rejoice.

ALTHOUGH OUR MONEY KINGS, as we have unfortunately learned not only to call them but to treat them, are singularly indifferent to what other people think, they do bend to certain bursts of indignation and distrust. The difference between Mr. HYDE and Mr. ALEXANDER, on the one side, and the FRICK Committee on the other, about accepting the strong and wise report submitted by that Committee, showed the contrast starkly between business stupidity at its height and business acuteness accepting what is past avoidance. Mr. HARRIMAN has been heavily concerned in transactions which have put the Equitable in its present predicament, and yet he was on the committee which reported in favor of continued investigation and drastic changes. Mr. HYDE, Mr. ALEXANDER, and Mr. TARBELL, in fighting against reformation and defending the indefensible, have been more than selfish; everybody is that; they have been also lacking in intelligence. The men of first-class ability who composed the FRICK Committee were able to see that, with the Equitable's inability to write new insurance, a condition had arisen which could be met only by reform, and they must have seen also the advantages of voluntary reorganization over changes forced by the interference of the State. In refusing to accept the FRICK report both Mr. HYDE and Mr. ALEXANDER gave the final proof of their unsuitability to the positions which they occupy.

BEING SILLY
UNDER FIRE

THOUSANDS OF INDEPENDENTS, and even strong Republicans, would be glad to see WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS again Governor of the old commonwealth. His refusal to run for a second term means what he says it does, and more. Business and home life do interest him more than politics, which, to his mind, is not a diversion in itself, but a device for obtaining certain desired results. Mr. DOUGLAS found the machine which controlled his party in Boston too strong for him. It was glad to have him win a victory on the issue of reciprocity and tariff reform, but it, like most machines, was living in such comfortable concord with protected money interests that it would not allow the Massachusetts Legislature to go on record as desiring any change. It cared less for sincerity than for checks. So back to his fireside and his boot factory goes the practical Mr. DOUGLAS, one of the most striking figures that have lately appeared upon the stage of politics. Had he been as fond of political combat as he is of business, he might have won against the Boston ring, been re-elected, and changed the distribution of power among the honest and the machine Democrats of Massachusetts, even as Governor RUSSELL changed it now many years ago.

GOVERNOR
DOUGLAS

THIS PAPER IS RUN largely for pleasure, and one of the most agreeable incidents at present is the swarm of opinions which our readers contribute on the noble art of fiction. Lawyers are cross, in large numbers, over the legal aspects of "Many Waters." They go minutely into the modes in which record is made of deeds, discuss the bearing on the plot, and conclude that if the fiction judges had known more law, Mrs. DELAND would have had less chance. Indeed, three-quarters of the adverse criticism of "Many Waters" comes from the legal fraternity, as a large part of the censure meted out to "Fagan" came either from Southerners or other specialists in negro dialect and nature. For these gentlemen we explain that it is a peculiarity of Massachusetts to record sales at the Registry of Deeds as having been made for "one dollar, and other valuable considerations." A trustee's deed is often drawn in this way, though sometimes a special order of the Court makes the mention of the amount paid necessary. The most exact among the dialect comments which the present batch of letters offers deals with the phrase "heaven-born," as a proof that "Fagan" arose not from an observation of life, but from familiarity with RUDYARD KIPLING. The negroes of our Southern States, this writer says, never addressed or referred to, or even

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thought of, the superior white race as "heaven-born," but that form of address is common among the native servants of the English residents in India, and is a natural part of the general magniloquence of the East. Then our correspondent is wafted into the regions of pleasant poetry, on the subject of Philadelphia, where he lives: "Ah, well! Years ago there dwelt in the Northern Liberties—in a little one-story-and-a-half lean-to that huddled up against the house where I now have my rooms—the greatest of all America's short-story writers—EDGAR ALLAN POE. Poor gifted devil! When I think of VIRGINIA CLEMM, I wish that *he* could have taken a COLLIER prize."

PUBLIC OPINION

PHILADELPHIA HAS DONE SOMETHING to counteract the aphorism that "the public is an ass," more classically expressed by CARLYLE's estimate of the population of Great Britain. Philadelphia, no doubt, had done her share to cast obloquy on the public as a regulator of its own affairs, but if she keeps on exhibiting righteous indignation, and causing discomfort to her leading boodling citizens, her past will be forgiven. Respectability is not what it is set up to be. In every town we find the most corrupt corporations directed by men of social light and business eminence. Apparently just now we are slowly making some progress toward the belief that stealing from the public is not exactly decorous. Some time we may look upon it as almost equal to stealing from a push-cart or a second-story window. When AUGUST W. MACHEN pleaded guilty, a few weeks ago, and had two years more added to the term he is now serving, little comment was caused by the event, since the Post-Office frauds have lost the centre of the stage, but the unfortunate man's confinement stands nevertheless as a sign that one kind of money-making has become unsafe.

WHAT IS TIME?

THE TRIP TO CHICAGO from New York, which has been made in twenty hours, is to be reduced to eighteen, and on every hand we shall hear the observation, in soberness or jest, that "time is money." Time is everything. Time is life, and the Bird is ever on the Wing. Is it not rather shocking, then, to select money as the good par excellence for which time stands? How would it sound if we changed the phrase so that it should read "Life is money"? But cutting down the schedule of fast through trains to eighteen hours is naturally spoken of in terms of money, since it is the needs of business men that have brought about the change. Those hours, however, will be welcome to many who have no thought of measuring them in gold, for travel of the routine sort is tiring to most men, and unwelcome to Americans, and the shorter trip will reduce the nervous strain as well as the expense of time. It cuts off hours that are unpleasant, and frees them for what we do value or enjoy. Rapid transit does little to make life strained. Rapid communication—the telegraph and the telephone—has no doubt intensified our mood, but the shortening of the time in which our actual bodies are transported probably has little if any such result. We shall look upon these saved hours, therefore, as so much gained, in real living, as well as in the nervous game of grasping wealth.

AGE

THE LAST VETERAN of the War of 1812, when he was buried in New York a few weeks ago, had a funeral which seemed almost like an affair of State, and surpassed in public ceremony any burial in that city since the death of General GRANT. So great is the interest of age, and of mere survival from a time around which have gathered the shadows of romance. A son of about eighty saw his father's body to the grave. The death of the oldest man in the world would not have attracted so much attention, for the military association was needed to heighten the interest which long life has in itself. Examples of extreme age seem the concern of everybody, because there is a possible application to each of us in person. It may repel, it may occasionally attract, but a matter of indifference it never is. It is more easily praised than desired, as we often find gray hairs becoming in our friends, without desiring them for ourselves. "Youth," said DISRAELI, "is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret"; and his is a usual view. Those who, like SENECA and BROWNING, find in age the best of life, are unhappily a minority.

When LA ROCHEFOUCAULD said that few people know how to be old, he implied that there is a way:

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

What are those stars? The old, if they have lived with fulness and wisdom, may care more for sunshine and peace, may have a deeper feeling for natural law, for the seasons, for youth and happiness and strife, which are not their own, for accident, human will, and the eternal machinery of this world.

SOME DISSENT HAS BEEN EXPRESSED to the proposed selection of LEONARDO DA VINCI as the man in history fittest to preside in marble over a gathering place of university graduates in America. Cynics have suggested CRESUS, MIDAS, and JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER as more aptly embodying American ideals, but, to speak seriously, what truth there is in such a joke grows less with every year. Mr. LINCOLN STEFFENS gave his view of wealth in America the other day, in an imaginary soliloquy by the LORD, in which He said: "This people think too much of money. I will teach them by example. I will give one of them more money than anybody ever had, and will yet make him so unattractive that the glamour will be taken away from wealth." He did so, and was shocked to find that this man was a hero to the people. To be serious still again, the ROCKEFELLERS and their kind are less of heroes every day. A better founded objection to the choice of LEONARDO was made by one who alleged that Americans gave their deepest homage or respect to those only who were rulers of men, as the Florentine, with all his gifts, was not. CÆSAR is excluded by his private indulgences and the circumstances which led him to assume such concentrated power. Jove, COLUMBUS, Minerva, and even Venus, have been suggested, but no one, yet, who has seemed better suited for this especial rôle than LEONARDO.

OBJECTIONS TO LEONARDO

FROM EVIL GOOD MAY COME. An article in this newspaper, intended to bring Professor TRIGGS's new magazine not into hatred and contempt, but into ridicule, has secured for it the possibility of a new subscriber. "EDITOR 'TO-MORROW'—The boyish, spiteful criticism of your magazine in COLLIER's, evidently written by a conceited prig among the great army of 'Know-it-alls,' leads me to ask for a sample copy of your publication that I may see how little it deserves immersion in his tank of spleen. I will await the same with much interest. Courteously yours, WM. EDGAR JOHNSON." Another reader of this faithful and well-meaning periodical, objecting to our remarks on the pension fund of CARNEGIE, suggests that we select a certain suggested topic, and adds, "This would meet with the approval of a good many idiots." The term "gentle reader" has fallen into disuse. Perhaps readers are not as gentle as they used to be. To return, however, to Mr. WILLIAM EDGAR JOHNSON, if he will drop into the office he can have "To-Morrow" every month when we have read it. If he will write to the New York "Sun" for the issue of May 9, he can procure Professor TRIGGS's opinions under oath. Mr. TRIGGS admitted that he did not know the names of the rival houses in "Romeo and Juliet," or the rôle of TYBALT, or who wrote:

GENTLE READERS

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, it might have been,"

or these:

"Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand
Green walled by the hills of Maryland."

He did not know these trifles, but he knew things of more importance, as was shown by the offer of LIEBLER & Co. to pay him \$700 a week for lecturing on "Romeo and Juliet" in towns which Miss ROBSON and Mr. BELLEW were to visit with that play. He will be a perennial source of pleasure, now that he has an organ of his own, and we trust that many other JOHNSONS, scattered over this wide domain of liberty, may through our frivolity become subscribers to "To-Morrow." Haste about it, friend, ere it be too late, for "To-morrow comes, and we are where?"

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION AT PORTLAND

The grounds cover four hundred and two acres and contain more than twenty large buildings. The Exposition was opened June 1 by Vice-President Fairbanks to commemorate the Centennial of the Lewis and Clark Expedition which President Jefferson authorized to explore the region of the North Pacific Coast and to extend our National domain from the Atlantic to the Pacific



The Grand Stairway which connects the Main Exposition Buildings with Guild's Lake and the Government Exhibits



Captain William Clark



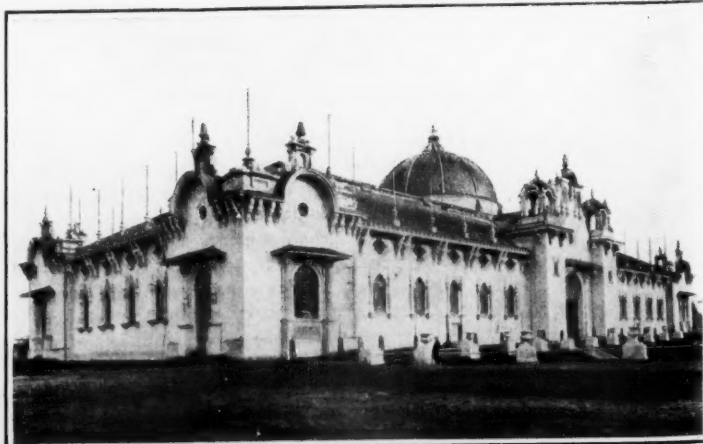
Sacajawea, the Indian Woman who led the Way



Captain Meriwether Lewis



The Oriental Exhibits Building

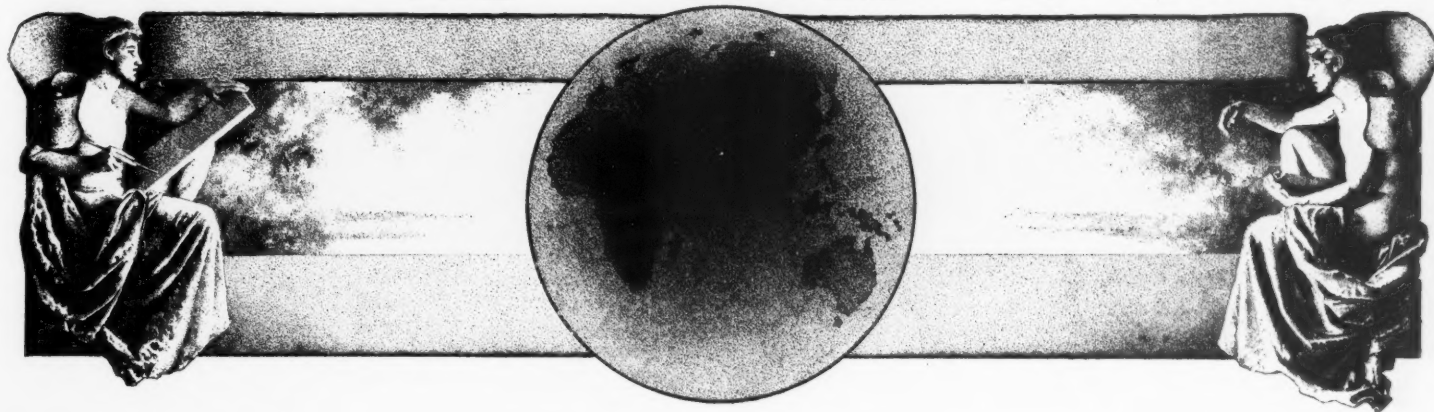


The Agricultural Building

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



A NAVAL BALANCE SHEET

ON SATURDAY, June 3, three Russian cruisers, the *Aurora*, *Oleg*, and *Jemchug*, under the command of Rear-Admiral Enquist, skirted the coast of Luzon, and meeting Rear-Admiral Train's American fleet, entered Manila Bay under its escort. The fugitive ships were badly battered, but not disabled. They had taken part in the first day's fighting in Korea Strait and then made their escape in the darkness, knowing nothing of the supreme disaster that was to befall their comrades the next day. Admiral Enquist asked permission to have his ships repaired, but President Roosevelt decided that as their injuries had been received in battle, and not from the elements, repairs could not be made unless the vessels were interned until the end of the war. With the arrival of this squadron in a neutral port the Russian ledger for the Battle of the Sea of Japan was closed. The final account stood thus:

SUNK:
Battleships *Kniaz Souvaroff*, *Emperor Alexander III*, *Borodino*, *Oslabya*, *Sissoi Veliky*, and *Navarin*.
Armored cruisers *Admiral Nakhimoff*, *Dmitri Donskoi*, and *Vladimir Monomach*.

Coast-defence vessel *Admiral Oushakoff*.
Protected cruisers *Izumrud* and *Sviatlana*.
Repair ship *Kamchatka*.
Several destroyers.

CAPTURED:
Battleships *Orel* and *Emperor Nicholas I*.
Coast-defence ships *General Admiral Apraxine* and *Admiral Seniavin*.

Two destroyers.

ESCAPED:

To Vladivostok—

Cruiser *Almaz*, hospital ship *Orel*, and two destroyers.

To Wusung—

Transport *Korea*, mine-laying steamer *Swir*, converted steamer *Smolensk*, and a destroyer picked up by a British merchant ship.

To Manila—

Cruisers *Aurora*, *Oleg*, and *Jemchug*.

Outside of her small fleet imprisoned by treaty in the Black Sea, Russia has now not a single completed ship of any fighting power left except the small battleship *Alexander II* and perhaps the armored cruisers *Rossia* and *Gromoboi* at Vladivostok. She has several fine ships approaching completion, which will serve as a nucleus for a future navy, but for the present she is extinguished as an ocean power. As the Black Sea fleet is not allowed to pass the Dardanelles, it does not exist as a fighting force for the high seas. Nor would it count for much if it could get out. It would be no match for Togo even on paper, and paper victories have ceased to be attractive to Russian sailors.

TOGO'S SUPERNATURAL AIDS

ADMIRAL TOGO officially christened the historical combat that began in the Korea Strait the Battle of the Sea of Japan. He explained the victory simply and modestly in this despatch to the Mikado:

That we have gained success beyond our expectation is due to the brilliant virtue of your Majesty and the protection of the spirits of your imperial ancestors, and not to the action of any human being.

Whether similar logic could avail to shift the burden of defeat from the shoulders of Rojestvensky to the faults of the Czar and the maleficent shades of departed Romanoffs is a question that the Russian authorities have not cared to investigate.

Three Russian cruisers, supposed to have been lost, have taken refuge at Manila. President Roosevelt has begun cautiously to sound the belligerent powers on the subject of peace. The sensational report of the Frick Investigating Committee has disrupted the Equitable Board of Directors. The lately omnipotent Philadelphia ring has been reduced to complete impotence, and Mayor Weaver is in absolute control of the city government

STEPS TOWARD PEACE

THE AWFUL CATASTROPHE in the Sea of Japan intensified the aversion of the Russian people for the war and the press denounced the Government's policy with unprecedented boldness. When the news reached the front in Manchuria disaffection spread among the troops and General Linevitch had to order wholesale shootings of officers and soldiers "to encourage the others." The Japanese began immediate movements for the isolation of Vladivostok



CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

The new Secretary of the Navy—to succeed Paul Morton, July 1. Mr. Bonaparte is the grandson of King Jerome of Westphalia, the brother of Napoleon. He is called a Republican, but has never hesitated to break over party lines in the interest of good government

tok and the activity of Oyama's armies presaged fresh disasters in the field. Nevertheless the war party at court refused to admit the possibility of peace. It was announced that the construction of a new navy would be begun forthwith and that 200,000 more reservists would be drawn to reinforce the Manchurian army. But behind all this show of obstinacy there seemed to be new possibilities of accommodation. On June 2 Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, had an interview with President Roosevelt which was universally accepted as the

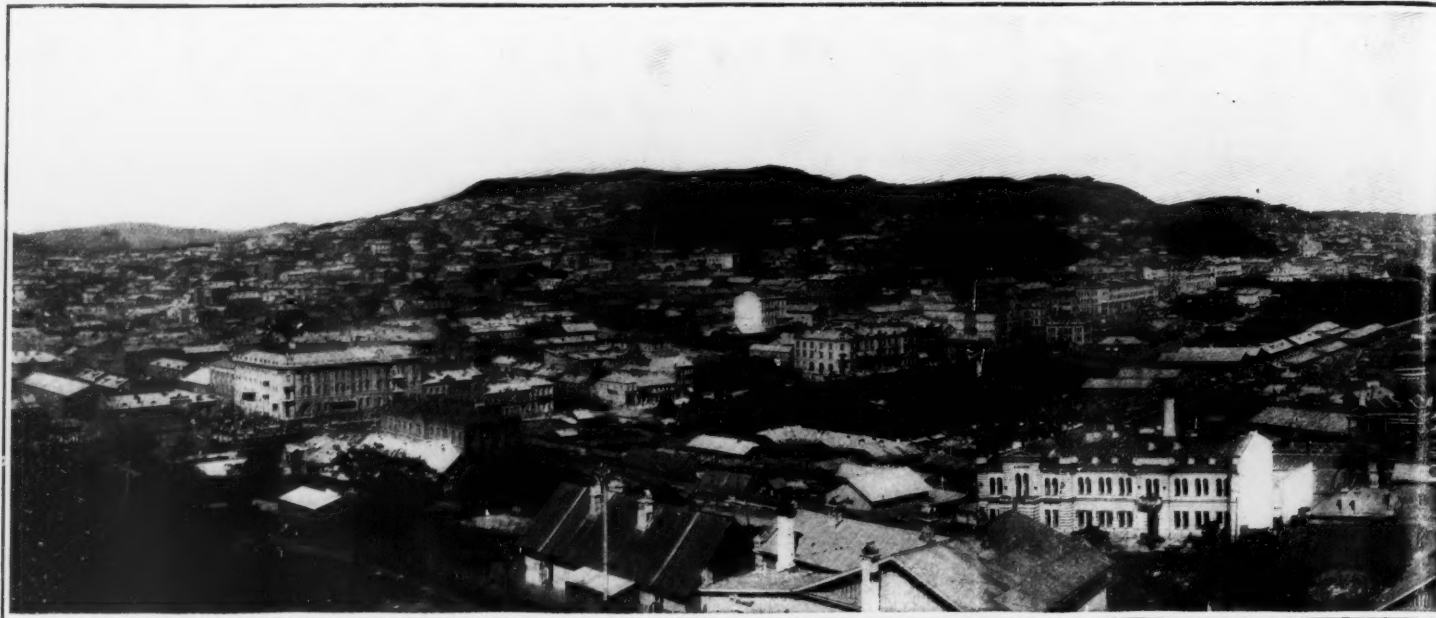
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first step toward the employment of the good offices of the United States for the restoration of peace. The idea of American mediation was favorably received by the Russian press, and a general interchange of opinion followed among the capitals of the world, foreshadowing a possible concert of the powers under American leadership for the purpose of bringing the combatants together. It was generally recognized that no other power than the United States could undertake this work with any prospect of

success, but the time seemed to be ripe for the American government to try it.

THE FRICK BOMBSHELL

THE REPORT of the Frick Investigating Committee was delivered to the Equitable Board of Directors on May 31 with astonishing results. It proved to be an unsparing exposure of both the contending factions. It laid bare the operations of the Hyde underwriting syndicates, showing how securities had been unloaded upon the Equitable by the votes of the very men who were selling them, and who constituted a majority of the Executive and Finance Committees of the Board of Directors. It declared that the members of these syndicates, including President Alexander, were "guilty of a breach of propriety and a serious breach of trust." "So open, flagrant, obvious, persistent, and dangerous," said the committee, "are the practices of which Mr. Hyde is accused, that the establishment of their truth convicts of equal guilt all who were cognizant of their existence, and failed promptly to set about their correction." The report found that Mr. Alexander was "culpably negligent" in his dealings with Mr. Hyde, and that he "openly encouraged" some of the irregularities of which he now complains. It criticized the growth of salaries, the methods of investing funds, the management of the agency department under Mr. Tarbell, and almost every branch of the society's administration. It advocated the abandonment of deferred dividend policies, which formed the great bulk of the Equitable's business. In a supplementary report the committee advised the immediate resignation of President Alexander, Vice-President Hyde, and Second Vice-President Tarbell. The effect of these radical recommendations was to drive the original combatants together. Hyde, Alexander, and Tarbell united in denouncing the committee, declaring that it was promoting an intrigue for the capture of the Equitable's funds by the Harriman-Rockefeller interests, and in a stormy directors' meeting on June 2 the report was rejected. Thereupon Messrs. Frick, Harriman, and Bliss angrily resigned, and an attempt was made by the previously contending forces to patch up their differences. Other resignations of directors followed, and the comatose State Insurance Department was stirred to a little investigating activity of its own. Meanwhile, the business situation created by all these revelations of high finance had become desperate. Mr. Tarbell told the directors that the business written in May had been \$8,000,000 less than in the same month of last year, that terminations made the insurance in force at the end of the month actually less than at the beginning, and that the record for June promised to be worse than that for May.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF VLADIVOSTOK.

This picture was made before the present war began, and while Russia's powerful Pacific cruiser squadron was still intact. The vessels visible at anchor in the harbor are, beginning from the right, the Vice-Admiral Uriu at Chemulpo, February 9, 1904. The other ships, too indistinct to be positively identified, are some which were destroyed by the Japanese at Port Arthur. The hills in the rear

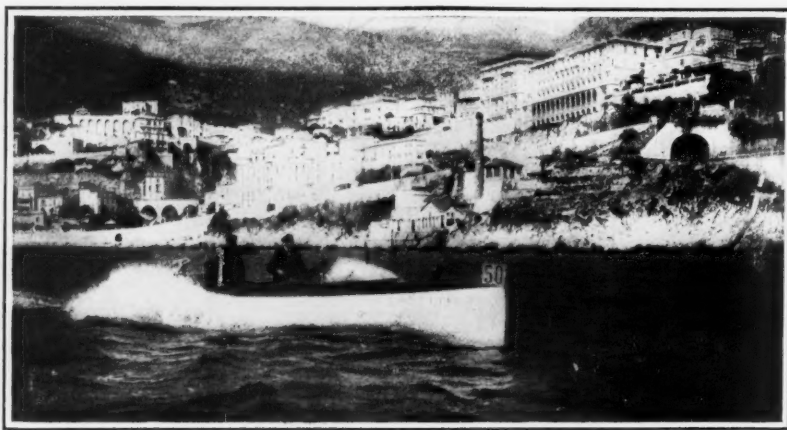
PHILADELPHIA'S VICTORY

IN THE JAPANESE phrase, the Philadelphia ring's programme of surrender was carried out "as planned" on June 1. The ordinance extending the lease of the gas works to 1980 was recalled by unanimous vote, the Mayor waiting in the next room ready to launch his veto message in case of trickery. The appointments of the new heads of the Departments of Safety and of Public Works were confirmed without a dissenting voice. The Mayor was obliged by law to send in his reasons for the removal of their predecessors, and at a time when there was still some fight left in the gang it had been predicted that there would be great difficulty in finding reasons that would pass muster. But Mr. Weaver curtly placed his action on the ground of "the good of the public service and the promotion of a more efficient administration of the departments," and the humbled Council meekly accepted the explanation. For the first time in the memory of this generation the Philadelphia Councils met and acted without the dictation of a boss. Durham, the fallen autocrat, sat alone in his office while his former serfs sealed the record of his defeat. Awakened Philadelphia has not stopped with this victory. The citizens are preparing for a political reorganization that will make it impossible to build a new machine like the old one. Mayor Weaver has called upon the Controller for statements of the amounts alleged to have been spent by the United Gas Improvement Company for the benefit of the plant in order to see what the city would have to pay if it should exercise its option of taking back the works in 1907. It has been alleged that the \$20,000,000 charged by the company under this head includes \$5,000,000 paid to the ring for the original lease, and that the actual amount spent for improvements does not exceed \$8,000,000.

LIGHT UPON MR. ROCKEFELLER

THE Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur is the latest apologist to come to the defence of Mr. John D. Rockefeller and his "tainted" wealth. Dr. MacArthur says in the Baptist organ, the "Examiner," that the charges against Mr. Rockefeller are "coarse, cruel, and perhaps criminal." He knows from long and intimate personal acquaintance that the ruler of Standard Oil is "worthy of the highest honor as a man, and of the fullest confidence, esteem, and affection as a Christian." He has also ascertained by careful inquiry that the transactions which have been most fiercely denounced, "when fully understood

and fairly judged, are in accordance with the highest standards of commercial morality." It may possibly be said that these opinions throw more light upon Dr. MacArthur's standards than upon Mr. Rockefeller's, but two really valuable and interesting additions to the common stock of knowledge are the statements, alleged to be made upon exact information, that Mr. Rockefeller is worth only a fraction of the billion dollars with which he is commonly credited, and that his fortune is actually diminishing, since for the past two or three years his philanthropic gifts have amounted to at least twice as much as the increase of his estate. "Mr. Rockefeller's total possessions," says Dr. MacArthur, "would have to be multiplied several times in order to make a billion dollars." If "several" means three, and it can hardly mean less, Mr. Rockefeller is no richer



THE "FIAT X" WINNING THE MOTOR BOAT RACE AT MONACO

After her victory at Monaco this little Italian flyer took part in the disastrous race across the Mediterranean. She won the first stage from Algiers to Port Mahon, and was the only one of the seven competitors to survive the second stage, from Port Mahon to Toulon. She reached her destination on the deck of a torpedo-boat destroyer

than Mr. Carnegie. But possibly Dr. MacArthur counted his Standard Oil holdings at par instead of at the market rate of over 600.

THE SHIFT IN THE CABINET

MR. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, has been selected to succeed Mr. Paul Morton as Secretary of the Navy, and the change will be made on July 1. Mr. Bonaparte, who is best known as the grand-nephew of Napoleon, has not been an active partisan, but he has been an earnest worker for civil service reform and other improvements in government. What is more to the point in the present relation, he is a believer in President Roosevelt's policy of a great navy. "Had I not thought as he did on this subject," said Mr. Bonaparte when questioned, "I could not have accepted the position he offered me." In leaving the Cabinet, Mr.

Morton returns to the railroad business, but not to that branch of it which would bring him into contact with the Interstate Commerce law. He is to have charge of the Metropolitan interests, which are preparing for an extensive rapid transit campaign in New York, proposing to carry passengers to all parts of the city with universal transfers and no rebates.

ANOTHER LANDMARK

FOLLOWING the return of the Confederate battle-flags, another significant step on the road of national reunion was taken on June 3, when a monument to General Alexander Hays, of the Second Army Corps, United States Volunteers, was unveiled on the battlefield of the Wilderness in Virginia. The monument was erected by Alexander Hays Post, G. A. R., and Davis Camp, Sons of Veterans, both of Pittsburg, and the ground on which it stands was presented by Major W. S. Embrey, C. S. A. This fact is inscribed on its base. Confederate veterans gave active assistance in the preliminaries and joined with their former enemies in the dedication. This is the first Union monument inscribed with a mention of the Confederate army, and in the ceremonies of its unveiling the honors were shared equally by the friends who once faced each other in battle on its site.

ALFONSO'S ESCAPE

THE precautions of the French police were not able to prevent the dreaded Anarchist attempt on the life of King Alfonso on his visit to Paris, although happily they prevented its success. While the King was driving away with President Loubet from a gala performance at the Opera after midnight of May 31-June 1, a man threw a bomb at the carriage. It flew over the mark, struck the horse of a soldier of the Republican Guard, fell to the ground and exploded. Fifteen persons were injured more or less seriously and a door panel of the carriage in which the King and the President were driving was perforated in five places. Had not the horse protected them from the force of the explosion both potentates might have been killed. Another bomb was found in the Rue de Rivoli which was said to be identical with those employed in the outrages at Barcelona. The police were confident that the crime was the work of Spanish Anarchists, who had boasted that they would kill the King on this visit. In the haul made by the police just before Alfonso's arrival one man escaped, and the authorities were confident that he was the criminal.

"Retvizan" "Rurik" "Gromobol" "Rossia"



RUSSIA'S LAST REMAINING NAVAL STRONGHOLD IN THE FAR EAST

"Rossia" (with four funnels), the "Gromobol" (also with four funnels), the "Rurik" (with two funnels), sunk by Vice-Admiral Kamimura, August 14, 1904; the "Retvizan" (with three funnels), sunk by the city and the highlands at the harbor entrance are heavily fortified against land and sea attack, and the city has been strongly garrisoned by General Linevitch in anticipation of a Japanese assault

TRACTION BARGAINING IN CHICAGO

THERE appears to be a possibility that the traction snarl in Chicago may be untangled by the friendly co-operation of the corporate interests and the city government. The representatives of the two street railway companies have submitted to Mayor Dunne a proposition looking toward the peaceful transfer of their lines to the municipal authorities. They propose that the properties be turned over to the city at once and operated either by the city or by the companies—the municipality in the latter case to be represented on the directorates. It is further proposed that the companies forthwith put the lines into good condition at an agreed cost, to be added to the tangible value of the properties, that the question of intangible values be left open until the courts have finally passed upon the claims of the corporations under the ninety-nine year acts, and that when the proper payments are finally agreed upon they are to be made and accepted in Mueller law certificates. Mayor Dunne has received these propositions with an open mind as a basis for negotiation. Meanwhile Mr. Dalrymple, the Glasgow expert, has arrived in Chicago and is advising the Mayor in the practical details of municipal operation.

AN EMPIRE WON IN PEACE

THE Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, opened on time on June 1 with the unique distinction of having everything in readiness at the appointed moment. President Roosevelt started the machinery from Washington with a golden telegraph key, and Vice-President Fairbanks and Speaker Cannon were the stars of the ceremonies on the grounds. Lewis and Clark made their memorable journey in the year of Austerlitz and Trafalgar, and the Pacific Northwest is celebrating it in the year of Mukden and the Sea of Japan. The empire added to the United States by that peaceful expedition is greater in extent, in resources and in possibilities than any of the countries victorious in those bloody shambles and almost equal to two of them—Great Britain and Japan—combined. The Lewis and Clark Exposition is of much more than local importance. The grounds cover 402 acres, including a beautiful natural lake. There are ten large exhibit palaces with the usual fringe of minor buildings, and instead of going "down the Pike" or "on the Midway," visitors in search of excitement have the privilege of "hitting the Trail."

MAKING THE COUNTRY SMALLER

THE New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroads have engaged in a competition to shrink the United States. On June 15, 1902, they began running trains between New York and Chicago in twenty hours. A few weeks ago the New York Central announced that on and after June 18 its Twentieth Century Limited would make the trip in nineteen hours. The Pennsylvania countered on June 2 by promising to cut the time of its twenty-hour train to eighteen hours. This will make Chicago as near to New York for practical purposes



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF GENERAL SLOCUM, BROOKLYN, ON DECORATION DAY

President Roosevelt takes occasion to extract from the Japanese victory in the Sea of Japan the lesson that we need more battleships. "A first-class navy . . . is the surest and cheapest guarantee of peace"

as Cleveland is by ordinary trains. The new train will run 912 miles in the average time of a mile in one minute and eleven seconds, including stops. At this rate the trip from New York to San Francisco could be made in two days and a half.

STEPS TOWARD A WORLD STATE

THE annual Conference on International Arbitration at Lake Mohonk recognized the practicality of the poet's ideal of the federation of the world in its resolutions adopted on June 2. Not satisfied with a mere arrangement for the settlement of litigated disputes, as provided in The Hague Tribunal, it declared: "The evolution of the move-

ment for universal peace now clearly points to the early establishment of an international parliament, with at least advisory powers." The beginnings of such a parliament already exist.

NOT DODGERS

THE Hon. A. A. Wiley, Representative in Congress from Alabama, sends us this protest:

My attention has just been called to an article in your Weekly for March 18, 1905, titled the "Mileage Roll of Dishonor," in which you attempt to score several Representatives in Congress, myself among the number, for being present and not voting against the amendment to the general deficiency appropriation bill, H.R. 19150, which provided mileage pay to members of Congress at the regular December session, 1904. You affirm that Messrs. Adamson, Bartlett and Brantley of Georgia, Bankhead and Wiley of Alabama (myself), Stephens of Texas, Sims of Tennessee, and Hopkins and Stanley of Kentucky, were present and dodged a vote on the pending question.

It is not my purpose, on this occasion, to enter into a defence of any of the gentlemen referred to, except myself, but if you will take the pains to examine the Congressional Record of the Third Session, Fifty-eighth Congress, page 3965, of date March 1, 1905, you will find that all the gentlemen named, myself included, answered "Present," when their names were respectively reached on the roll call of the House. Any one at all familiar with Congressional proceedings will inform you that when a member answers, "Present," on such an occasion, it means that he is *paired* on one side or other of the measure under consideration. The Record shows that all these gentlemen, whose conduct has fallen under your animadversion, were *paired against the mileage amendment with members who were in favor of it*. For instance, Mr. Bankhead was paired against it with Mr. Conner, who was in favor of it; and I (Wiley of Alabama) was paired against it with Mr. Deemer, who was in favor of it. These several pairs were so announced and recorded.

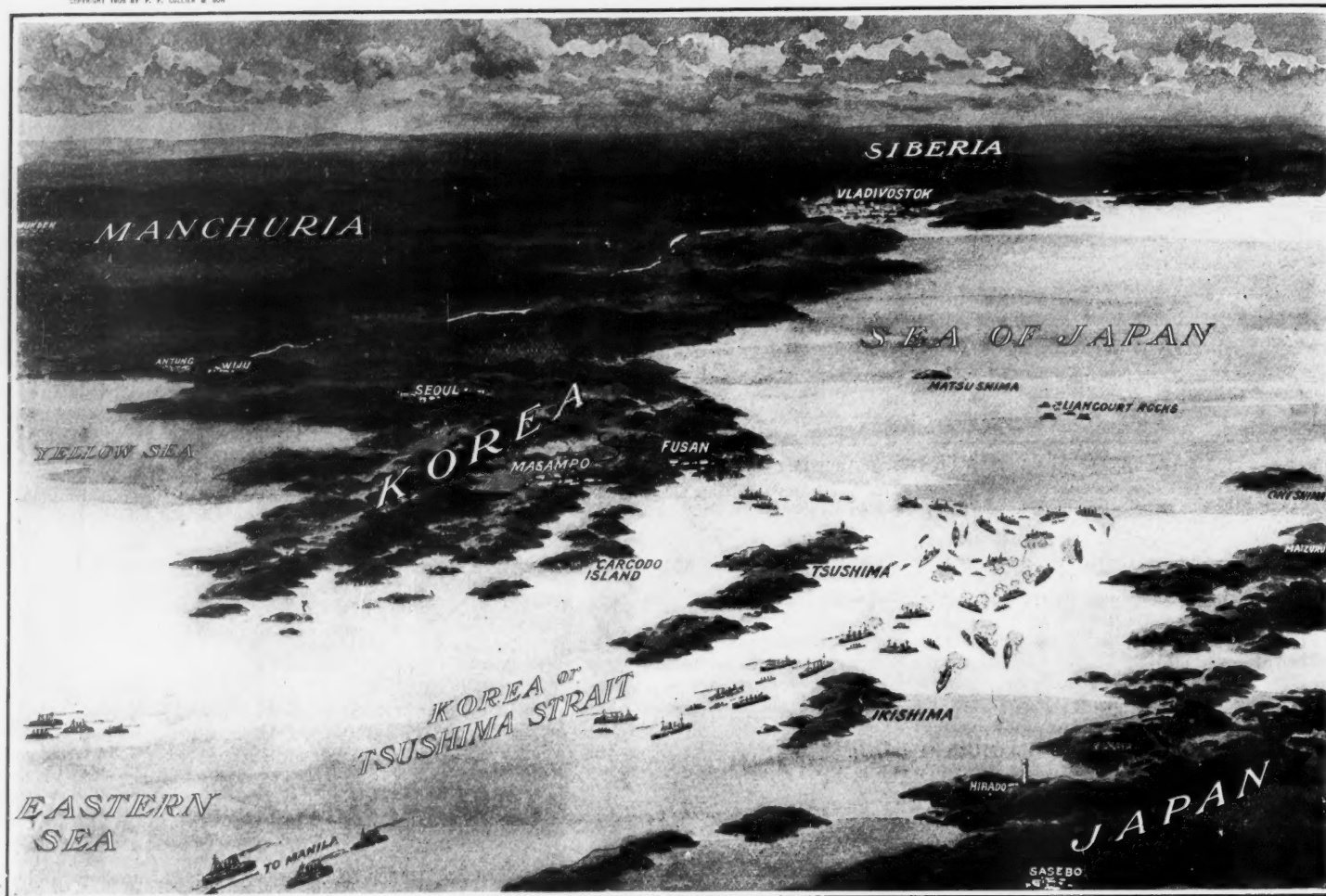
These facts are matters of record, about which there ought not to be any possible misunderstanding or controversy; and now, your attention having been called to the manifest injustice you have done me, I will thank you, in the light of this explanation, to make this correction.

The Hon. W. C. Adamson, of Georgia, offers a similar explanation. It is extremely gratifying to know that these gentlemen and the others they mention took the right position on the mileage question. In explanation of their inclusion in the list of dodgers it may be said that, not satisfied with the newspaper accounts which agreed in representing those who answered "Present" in that light, COLLIER'S telegraphed to a member of the House for an explanation of their attitude, and received direct confirmation of the statements of the correspondents.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF THE ELEMENTS OF TOGO'S ERA-MAKING VICTORY

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This bird's-eye view of the scene of naval hostilities shows where the main action took place on May 27. The Russian fleet came through Tsushima Strait. The Japanese were waiting for them at Masampo. Togo went around the north end of Tsushima Island, and the battle was fought where the gathering of ships is shown in the picture. Part of the Russian fleet escaped to the Liancourt Rocks, where they were discovered the next day and captured. Some of the transports and converted cruisers got away toward Wusung, China, while the "Aurora," the "Orel," and the "Jemchug" escaped to Manila.

By CAPT. A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

A WEEK ago to-day began the naval engagement to which the victorious admiral has assigned the name of the Battle of the Sea of Japan. History doubtless will accept this designation, and by it will immortalize the valor and skill of the conquerors.

Even with the help of the cable, the time that has elapsed is still too short to admit of the full and precise details, by which alone criticism and definite conclusion can be justified. The most that can yet be properly attempted is to indicate certain provisional inferences: the principal use of which, so far as accepted, will be to guide attention and observation in scrutinizing the reports, private and official, that for some time to come must continue to come in.

Independent of the political consequences, which, because of their effect upon present and future history, are the most important results of such an action, there depended upon it, as has for some time been appreciated and spoken of, certain very grave experiences, which must influence the future naval policy of all great States. In brief, the chief among these matters to be determined have been the relative values of the gun and the torpedo, and of the battleship and of the torpedo vessel proper. As I pointed out in the New York "Sun" a year ago, these are two separate questions. The first concerns two weapons, considered independently of the vessels which carry them; the second is properly posed, only by stating it as a question between big ships and small ships, for the purposes of naval warfare, the object of which is to control the sea in the large sense.

Human Odds in Japan's Favor

At the beginning of any inquiry into the lessons derivable from the Battle of the Sea of Japan, we are met, I fear, by the condition which must be plainly enunciated, at whatever expense to national susceptibility, that there has been no approach to equality in the efficiency of the opposing ships' companies. For this inferiority on the part of the Russians there may be good reasons, which will transpire later; but the fact remains, and it can not but modify and color all deductions which may be made. For one thing, it must, in my opinion, force our attention to fasten chiefly upon the proceeding of the Japanese admiral. His own personal skill and sound judgment, now at-

This luminous review of the world's greatest naval battle was written on the basis of the data available down to June 6. More detailed information may modify some of the conclusions here tentatively expressed, but in order not to disappoint the readers of COLLIERS, Captain Mahan kindly consented to give an expert estimate of the battle as it appeared at this time. Thus far he finds no sign of a revolution in accepted principles

tested and matured through a year's experience of active war, under varying conditions, make it probable that in the outlines of his conduct we see manifested the convictions reached by a naval officer who, beyond all others at the present moment, can appreciate with the accuracy of intimate acquaintance what are the real possibilities open to each branch of naval warfare. His convictions rest, too, upon knowledge of the results attained, and attainable, in the use of their weapons by the officers and men under his own command, the high training and efficiency of whom have compelled universal admiration. Hence, the course pursued in this great naval battle has been grounded upon no *a priori* reasoning alone. It has rested upon a large acquired knowledge of the powers of the torpedo and the gun, of the battleship and the torpedo vessel, obtained under severe conditions of war and weather, which usually are largely corrective, not merely of bare theory, but even of the instructive actual practice carried on in peace and in summer manœuvres.

To the chastened and quickened knowledge, thus derived, which invests with unique authority the proceedings of Togo, must be added the fact that the Russian admiral abandoned to him the initiative, thus permitting him freely to adopt the course which to him seemed best to suit the capacities of his ships. The superior speed of the Japanese vessels would probably in any event have ensured this advantage; the fastest fleet has the weather gage; and Togo doubtless counted on it from the first. His action, therefore, may fairly be assumed to reflect his ripened convictions, in themselves no mean contribution to the determination of naval problems.

I wonder if I may be pardoned a very short historical digression, entirely pertinent to Togo's course, in noting that the press despatches give us, as his preliminary step, a signal entirely parallel, almost identical, with that of Nelson at Trafalgar. "The destiny of

our empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to do your utmost." I should scarcely have noted this resemblance, obvious though it is, had not a prominent Japanese official committed himself to the expression that to the Japanese temper such a reminder was not needed; each Japanese so expected of himself. Doubtless; and so, doubtless also, each seaman of Nelson's fleet. Yet it will detract no whit from the admiration and reverence with which we have learned to regard Japanese

valor and self-devotion, to believe that hearts beat higher and purpose stronger when Togo's words were repeated to them.

To turn now to the military deductions which may safely be drawn from the general outline of the Japanese admiral's course, and from the time and manner of the several incidents in the progress of the engagement, as these have so far reached us. The term "deductions" is perhaps premature, even for the very guarded inferences to which I propose to confine myself; the object of these being, as I said before, rather to direct attention and guide consideration, as further fuller reports reach us, so that the bearing of these upon naval armaments may be more justly estimated.

The Balance of Material Force

Let it be recalled, in broad generalization, as stated in my former article, that the Russians were superior, numerically, in battleships, but decidedly inferior in armored cruisers. The latter are practically second-class battleships, in which gun power and armored protection have been sacrificed, in order to gain speed and coal capacity. In torpedo vessels also the Japanese were superior, in the proportion of at least three or four to one. These are the conditions of respective material force, which before the meeting were qualified by uncertainty as to the relative capacity of the opposing officers and men. Prepossession undoubtedly here favored the Japanese, and justly, as the result has shown; but antecedently, naval officers at least knew that much ought to have been effected in the several months of passage, interrupted by long repose in unfrequented anchorages, which Rojstvensky had enjoyed.

With these antecedents, the two fleets met in the eastern of the Straits of Tsushima. The battle began by day; two separate accounts place the firing of the first

gun at close to 2 P. M. The scene being in nearly the same latitude as Norfolk, therefore not far south of us, our own recent observation in New York is evidence that daylight would last over five hours—from two to seven-thirty. This consideration bears directly upon the employment of torpedo vessels. Some doubt has pondered—I know I did—whether, in view of the very large number at the disposal of Japan, and her comparative weakness in battleships, Togo would hurl some of his forward in daylight, hoping to sweep off one or two of his huge adversaries, at a sacrifice which his country could support. If, as has in some quarters been stated, the Russian admiral constituted a second column, toward the enemy, composed of lighter cruisers, he may have done so with an idea of meeting the first of an attack by torpedo vessels; encountering them with ships which would be quite as capable as a battleship of sinking such an assailant, and which could better be spared. The disposition, in fact, would be the correlative of the idea of a daylight attack, suggested for Togo, and should it have been adopted for such a reason by the Russian admiral, I should certainly hesitate to join in condemning the arrangement, tactically considered. Least of all should I do so on the ground I have seen, that this lighter line was thrown into confusion, and so reacted upon and confused the main battle line. There would be in such conditions nothing to cause confusion among capable and self-possessed captains. The position would be one perfectly familiar to naval history; and if the main battle line of the enemy, instead of his torpedo cruisers, came on, the exposed ships simply ran "to leeward," through the intervals of their own fleet.

Torpedo Craft Not for First Brunt

So far as the accounts go, however, Togo did not at once, nor for some time, send in his torpedo vessels. Should the facts, as finally revealed, confirm this, it will show that his experience supported the naval anticipation, heretofore pretty general, that torpedo vessels should not be so exposed by daylight, even when in large numbers. Neither, in order to use them, did he wait for nightfall before engaging at all. He fell on at once, when his dispositions were matured, and his famous signal repeated. The fighting began with the guns, and so continued for two or three hours. Possibly, I may have overlooked some one of the tangle of unverified details which so far constitute our data; but the first suggestion of a mine that I find is from the captain of the *Nakhimoff*, who reports (it is said) that ninety minutes after the firing began he felt a shock, after which the ship sank rapidly. No torpedo vessel is mentioned as near by. The sinking of the *Borodino* is apparently attributed to gun fire, in the very full account given by the lieutenant of her forward turret; but he notes a torpedo-vessel attack toward evening, when the ship was already down in the water. The published statement of a Japanese officer corroborates the time and manner of this attack, specifically naming the *Borodino*.

Amid much vague and indeterminate mention, this so far seems the sum of the performance of the torpedo vessel by day on the first day. As regards the *Nakhimoff*, her story lacks precision. Togo, indeed, reports that she was damaged by torpedo boats the succeeding night, and was found still afloat next morning. This traverses the statement attributed to her captain, and would make his quitting her precipitate; but there may be an error in names. The *Borodino* accounts are minute, and support one another. The

vessel, disabled by several hours of concentrated gun fire,—“upon which the second division had been concentrating its fire,”—receives the *coup de grace* by torpedo attack; “the fifth destroyer flotilla advanced, signaling ‘we are going to give the last thrust at them.’” I remember such a probable succession of events predicted by a lecturer at our Naval War College eighteen years ago; not that sagacity was needed to detect the obvious. It always has been unlikely that torpedo vessels would by daylight attack a battleship, unless disabled. Even then they would be supported by the fire of heavier ships, as in this case; for we are told here that “the cruiser *Chitose* continued its fire as our destroyers pressed forward.” The analogy to the ancient fireship is here maintained throughout. It was after the sun went down that the destroyers became active in attack.

It will be most interesting when we know, definitely and exactly, upon what part of the Russian order, and in what manner, Togo directed his main attack. It seems increasingly evident, reading somewhat dimly still between lines, that he struck the head of the enemy's column; for he forced it to change course, and the *Borodino*, which suffered a heavy concentration of fire, as has been seen, seems to have been near the head. This would tend to precipitate the confusion into which the Russians fell, and would bear out Nelson's counsel, which the exigencies of space crowded from my last article in *COLLIER'S*, “Outmaneuver a Russian, by attacking the head of his line, and so induce confusion.” Into such disorder the Russians fell, facilitating still further the concentration of enemies upon separated vessels, or groups; an opportunity which the Japanese were enabled to improve by being numerically much superior in armored vessels on the whole, though with fewer battleships. Indeed, the larger numbers of the Japanese increased much their ability to combine to advantage; for the possibility of combination increases with numbers. This, if accurately inferred from the instance before us, sounds again the warning, continually repeated, but in vain, that in distributing fleet tonnage regard must be had to numbers, quite as really as to the size of the individual ship. This I say, while fully conscious of the paradox, that an amount of power developed in a single ship is more efficient than the same amount in two. In part, the present Japanese success has been the triumph of greater numbers, skillfully combined, over superior individual ship power, too concentrated for flexibility of movement.

Confusion, once initiated, was adroitly increased by sending torpedo vessels in large numbers across the head of the now retreating Russian column; an office for which their speed peculiarly fitted them. This began what is described in general terms as an enveloping movement. For a body of vessels already shaken in their formation and morale to advance with falling night into a host of dreaded torpedo boats was well calculated to increase disorder, which, when existing in the van, tends rapidly to propagate itself in the rear vessels as they crowd up toward their predecessors; a circumstance that doubtless inspired Nelson's saying. Many of us can recall what befell when the leading ship of Farragut's column at Mobile was smitten with the dread of a torpedo line. In the Battle of the Japan Sea, approaching night now gave the torpedo craft their double opportunity—the cover of darkness, and an enemy crippled and broken. In this connection I recall the remark, in an old book on land warfare, “Nothing occasions more disorder and terror in a broken battle order than the cry, ‘Here come the lancers.’” At such a crisis the torpedo vessels are

the lancers of the seas. Yet, although we may be sure they did much good work, the testimony more and more seems to show that the decisive effect had been produced by the guns, and that the destroyers acted mainly the part of cavalry, rounding up and completing the destruction of a foe already decisively routed. It may be believed that they in many cases sank what the Japanese, in Nelson's phrase, might have considered already “their own ships.” It is reported that this enveloping movement was shared also by some of the armored vessels, moving by the rear, and seemingly also to the other side; a distribution of vessels followed by combination of movement—corresponding to analysis and synthesis—which is only possible to numbers, and enforces again the need for numbers, as well as for individual power.

What ensued was distinctly of the nature of pursuit; a disorganized enemy chased, driven asunder, beaten down and captured in detail. Of the several partial encounters, incident to this characteristic action of the succeeding two days, Admiral Togo's several numbered despatches have made brief mention. In a summary of this kind they require none. It is sufficient here to note the general fidelity to the well-worn military maxim, that a flying foe must not be let go while there remains a fraction of his force which might be overtaken. The Japanese have deserved the fullness of their triumph.

Battleship and Gun Still Supreme

To recapitulate: After allowance has been made for the demonstrated superiority of the Japanese in training and experience, it seems clear from Togo's use of his vessels, and from such details of the action as have so far been received, that the superiority of the battleship and of the gun, for the main purposes of naval warfare, has not been shaken. On the contrary, by an account attributed to a Japanese, it appears that the remaining Russian battleships, after the loss of the *Borodino* and in the subsequent confusion, though already much mauled, beat off after dark, using their searchlights, two attacks by the whole flotilla of the enemy's destroyers, acting in two squadrons; and Japanese attacks have not heretofore, in this war, been found easy to repel. Should the official accounts confirm this, it will approach demonstration that uninjured battleships, manned by watchful seamen who keep their head, will in the long run suffer from torpedo attack only in the same proportion as any military force suffers from other incidents of war. Let it be mentioned also that the torpedo vessel, from the delicacy of its constitution—a box of machinery—and from the narrowness of its coal supply, will always be most numerous and efficient in home waters. This advantage in this case fell to the Japanese, and it may have contributed to determine Togo's choice of position. This particular consideration shows that, in the broad view of naval policy, the function of the torpedo vessel is defensive, although its local action is offensive.

I have not seen any indication which to me seemed conclusive, or even probable, of the employment of the submarine in these engagements; but neither does there appear any certain reason why any one who so prefers may not attribute to them such amount of the damage done as to him seems likely.

QUEBEC, N. Y., June 3, 1905.

June 6.—Since the above was written, and before proof-reading, the statements attributed to persons on board the Russian division which has taken refuge in Manila confirm the impression, already received, of resistance beaten down and ships crippled by gun fire, preponderant in weight and rapidity, in its own actual volume and the skill with which it was handled. A. T. M.

THE AMBITIOUS AUTOMOBILE

By JOHN JACOB ASTOR

AUTOMOBILING may be divided into three classes, Racing, Touring, and Business.

Racing with body and muffler off and all speed limitation removed is as superior to ordinary progression as the motion of a disembodied spirit must be to ours. Exhilaration is a mild word for it. The keen rush of air, the Gatling gun-like detonations of the motor, the flash of fences and scenery as you tear along with your life literally in your hands is inspiring, and would stir enthusiasm in the dullest brain. It also develops quick co-ordination of mind and muscle.

Of course, it is only on rare occasions that this is possible.

For racing, the chassis must be long and low, with the greatest amount of engine power for its weight.

On the Ormond-Daytona Beach last winter, Bowden* did a mile in 32.45 seconds in a 120 horsepower Mercedes, and ere twelve months have passed it seems likely that a mile in 30 seconds, or 120 miles an hour, will have been accomplished—nor with the almost unlimited possibilities of the gas engine before us does it seem likely that progress will end there.

Roominess and Strength for Touring

For touring, of course, no such speed is possible. The body must be roomy, capable of carrying baggage, extra equipment, etc., should have a long wheel base, and must be strong enough to run over all kinds of roads. Moreover, it must have plenty of clearance to clear rocks and bumps, and be able to board and leave ferries at all stages of the tide. The deep snow last winter demonstrated the desirability of large wheels. While a small wheel slipping speedily forms a hole, to extricate itself from which it must climb a steep grade on a slippery surface, a large wheel, by covering more surface, sinks less and more easily gets out, while under all conditions over stones, sand, mud,

and rough places wheels of large diameter give the best results.

On the scientifically aligned and carefully maintained European roads these difficulties are seldom found, but in our country, unfortunately, they are encountered every day.

The business automobile has but reached the horizon of its large field. From delivering tons of coal in cities to the rural delivery of mails in scattered villages and for all kinds of intermediate work its utility is extending. The working horse's elimination from large cities will be welcomed by every lover of animals. Horses falling on icy pavements, or suffering acutely during summer, will soon, we all hope, be forever past, while the problem of street maintenance and cleaning will be practically solved.

The farmer whose horses have plowed all day, and who, with his family, naturally needs recreation when the work is done, will invoke his automobile that, as a stationary engine may have been cutting feed, sawing wood, or what not, switch the motive power to the driving wheels, and with a joyful “All aboard,” be off to the nearest town, though it may be miles away.

In this connection it is well to remember that to get the full benefits conferable by the automobile and for the machine's development we must have good roads. For though a good automobile can go on a rough and crooked road, the advantages of even reasonable speed are lost, and the operating cost is greatly increased.

While we thus see the beginning of three more or less diverging lines, a progressive mind is required to prognosticate results. The long-distance delivery wagon will probably be metamorphosed into the gas locomotive car.

Where water is hard, or population sparse, a gas engine car with baggage and express compartment, and with enough power to haul a trailer when needed, will enable railroads to meet trolley competition much

more efficiently than with short passenger trains at long intervals. This is already being tried and considered by several important steam roads, and promises to build up many neglected sections.

The touring car will become a great factor in education and recreation. Large machines with sleeping accommodations will be used for any journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or for an agreeable jaunt when the leaves begin to fall, from Hudson Bay to Panama, or may be Patagonia; while the small runabout will become a household necessity.

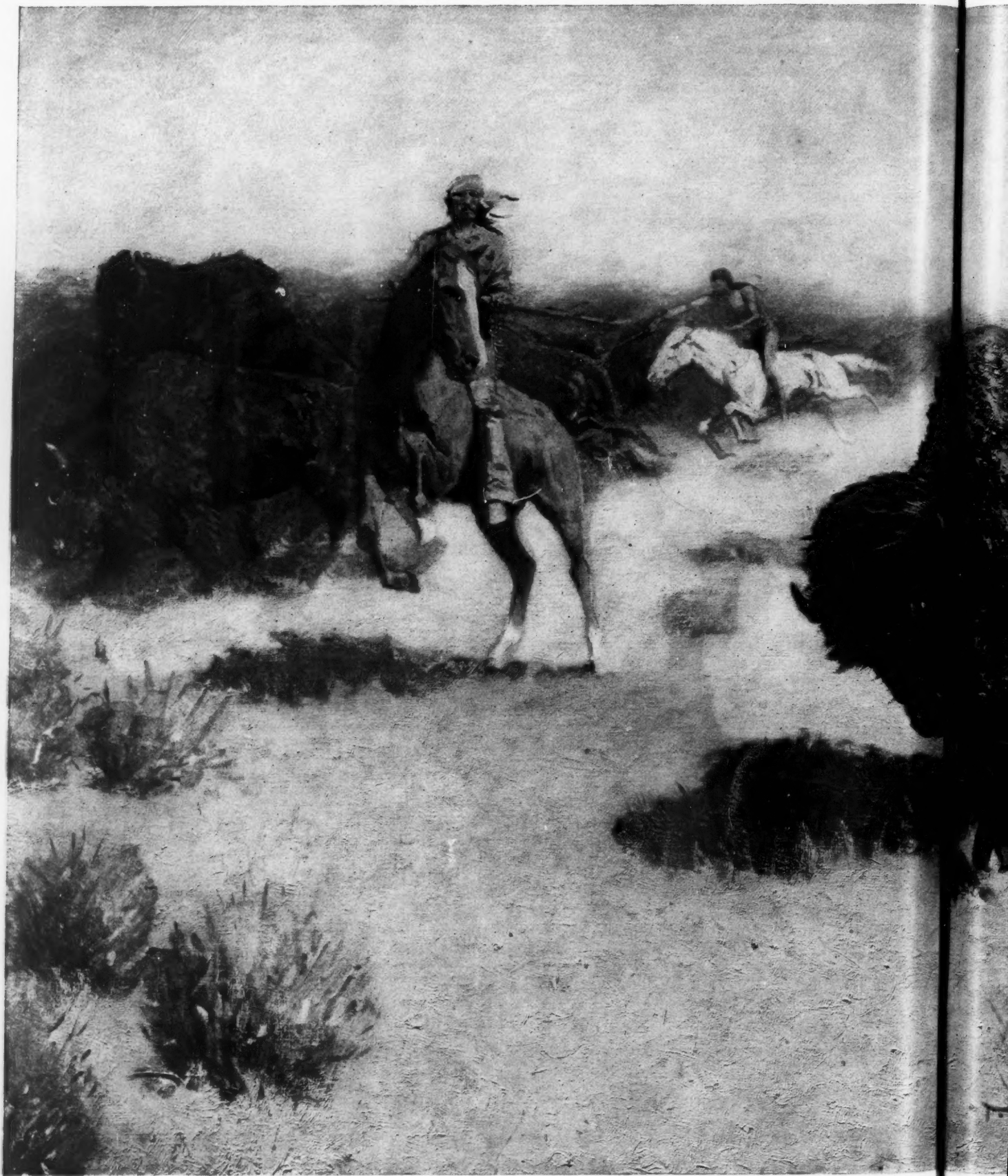
The racing car will continue to go at increasing speed upon the earth, until presently outgrowing its limitations it soars off into space. Whether it must always remain in the atmosphere or may some day rise superior to gravitation, time alone can tell.

From Auto to Flying Machine

The transition from the automobile caterpillar to the flying machine butterfly will be easy, when the mechanical vertebrate has developed an engine that is sufficiently light. The most reasonable evolution seems either a racing auto with horizontal vanes to be turned somewhat obliquely when the machine will be forced up into the air, the driving power being then diverted to propellers; or a light parallelogram platform with a propeller forcing the air down at each corner. This can rise vertically from a standing start; whenever the engine has enough power to raise the weight, and then soar down the aerial slope like a card or a bird, and repeat the operation either by swoops or running horizontally with vanes outstretched.

These developments, that will seem as easy to posterity as Fulton's steamboat does to us, are unfortunately, however, not attainable yet. We must work for straight, hard, and smooth roads with a progressive spirit as regards speed now in order that in a few years, we, or our successors, in addition to the pleasures of automobiling, may excel the eagle in his element as we to-day outrun and outswim the animal creation and the fish.

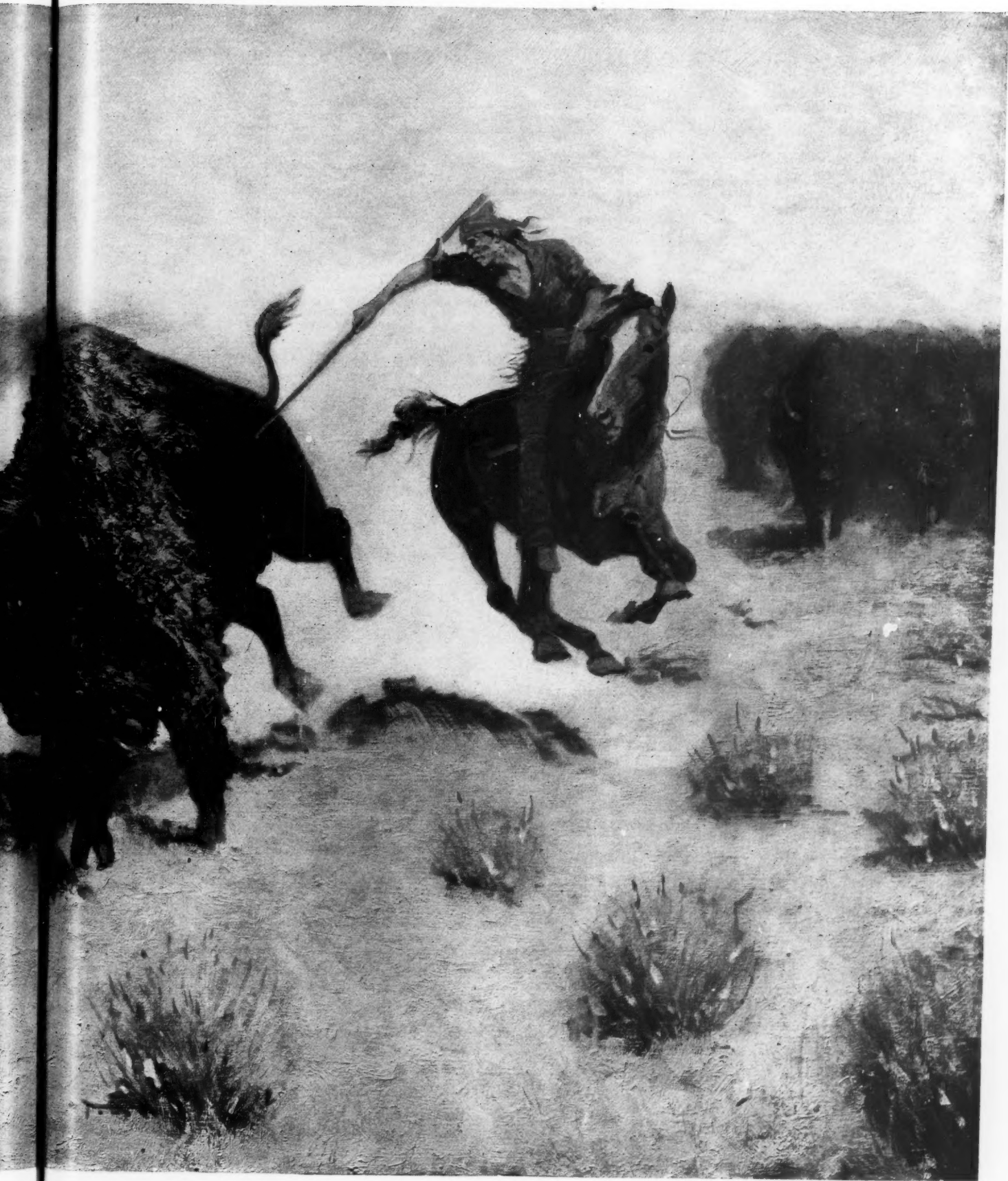
* H. L. Bowden of Boston accomplished this with two 60-horsepower Mercedes engines connected on one shaft. Being overweight, the official record, 34.25 seconds, was made by McDonald in a 90-horsepower Napier.



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THE BUFFALO RULER

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



Bunching a herd of buffalo in the early days. Sometimes a vicious old bull would break up the mass, when the plainsmen would cut him out and dispose of him with their muzzle-loading buffalo-guns and their sharp-pointed lances

WHEN THE SLEEPERS WAKE

THE STORY OF PHILADELPHIA'S VOLCANIC UPRISING AGAINST RING RULE, AND THE COMPLETE VICTORY OF PUBLIC OPINION OVER A MACHINE THAT SEEMED INVULNERABLE

By RALPH D. PAINE



A PICTURE POSTAL CARD

Thousands of these were mailed to Councilmen through "endless chain" schemes

Hardly able to realize that they have wrought a thing incredible until it was done, Philadelphia hails it, and rightly, as a "Second Declaration of Independence."

Two months ago the Philadelphia Republican machine seemed as impregnable to the attacks of honest citizens as Gibraltar to a putty-blower. There was no party opposition worth the name. The "bosses," Durham, McNichol *et al.*, slated even the straw men that were named for office by the shadowy Democratic minority, in order that the legal form of an election might be observed. All reform movements, year in and year out, had been squelched by throwing out the ballots of their voters, padding the voting lists, and stuffing ballot-boxes in a bold and wholesale fashion unknown in any other city of this country. Now and then public opinion squirmed and cried aloud, and then subsided when it found its votes were so much trash. The Select and Common Councils (the Aldermanic body) were packed with "Boss" Durham's hired men, who dealt out appropriations without bothering to go through the form of debating them.

It was useless to look to the succession of Mayors for help. These figureheads came and went, either as open allies of the Ring, or as harmless dummies clothed in a futile respectability. Ashbridge, for example, was of the former type, a ward politician with a talent for machine organization of his own, so that he was able to dictate to the men that had made him. But his chief purpose was linked with theirs, and the disagreement was only as to methods. He summed it up in this contemptuous outbreak of bravado: "I'm Mayor for all there is in it for Samuel H. Ashbridge, and I mean to get out of the office everything there is in it for me."

He did. When he was offered \$3,000,000 cash for certain city street railway franchises, he threw the proposition in the waste basket without reading it and gave the franchises to "Ring" politico-financiers for nothing. Public opinion focused in "town meetings," and that was all there was to it. As Ashbridge's successor, Israel Durham picked John Weaver, District Attorney, who seemed spineless enough to do as he was told, and who had the added merit of a fair reputation among decent citizens. When Weaver was elected, he gave his masters no pledges, and they thought it wholly superfluous to demand them. He was to be disregarded in all important matters of city government.

The Turning of the Weaver

Outwardly, Mayor Weaver, a genial, bustling, optimistic kind of man, seemed to be pleasing the Ring as much as he was disappointing honest men. But in his heart was a growing irritation and indignation through the first two years of his term. Durham was running the city without even the empty formality of talking things over with the official ruler in the City Hall. Even the police lieutenants and captains reported for orders, not to the City Hall, but to the office of "Boss" Durham in the Betz Building across the square.

A public hubbub was raised about police "graft" and the open prosperity of saloons and dives, and the Mayor found himself as powerless as the clergymen who were praying for him by companies and battalions. The Mayor is an ardent churchman and Sunday-school worker, and when the clergy of his city publicly banded themselves together to pray for the heart and soul of John Weaver, he was stung to the quick. He was apparently submissive to the conditions that hedged him in, he made no bold anti-vice crusades, and sor-

rowfully the good men of the town decided that their hope and loyalty had been misplaced.

Held in contempt by the machine, and hammered by the newspapers, he was between the devil and the deep sea, and it has since transpired that for a long time he was looking for an opportunity to declare himself against the "organization" which was making him out both a fool and a knave. And without some extraordinary opportunity his rebellion would be utterly foolish. It came in the guise of the "Gas Steal" ordinance, and at the most opportune time possible. It is to be remembered also that Mayor Weaver dared not break with his masters while the last Pennsylvania Legislature was in session. There is no doubt that a bill would have been instantly passed, either "ripping" him out of office or depriving him of all weapons. A "Ripper Bill" was enacted, giving to the City Councils the control of the Departments of Public Safety and Public Works, instead of to the Mayor, but this does not become effective until 1907. It was pushed through by the Philadelphia Ring to block any possible danger from a future Mayor who might have a will of his own. So mistaken were these conspirators in John Weaver that they left him out of the "ripper" programme.

The Cause of the Upheaval

The Legislature once adjourned, Mayor Weaver had no fear of decapitation by way of Harrisburg, and the Ring turned its attention to the Gas Lease matter because it wanted money. One of the most astounding robberies ever planned against a free people was mapped out to the smallest detail without consulting the Mayor of the city involved. Israel Durham had only to complete his deal with the United Gas Improvement Company, give an order that the ordinance was to be passed, and then repossessed, if the Mayor should be childish enough to veto it for popular effect, and the thing was done. It had been done scores of times in the same fashion, and the public was a wholly negligible factor. But this Gas Lease was fatally bungled by the Machine, for lack of a master mind like Quay, who would have steered it more deftly and with less bull-headed contempt for public outcry.

The present lease, by which the U. G. I. Company operates the lighting plant of Philadelphia, expires two years hence. But there seemed no reason for waiting for or bothering with the public and the Mayor. In brief, the proposed new lease with the U. G. I. Company for the gas plants owned by the city offered a cash payment to the city of \$25,000,000. In return the city surrendered the right to rentals from now to 1927, estimated at \$30,000,000, and the right to take back the

gas plants at that time, when it is estimated that their value will be \$75,000,000. The city also surrendered the right to lower the price of gas to the consumer, instead of which the U. G. I. Company fixed the price of gas from now until the year 1980; at \$1 per thousand feet until 1911; 90 cents for twenty-five years more; 86 cents for the next quarter century, and 80 cents for the final period of twenty-five years.

The reason given was that the city was almost bankrupt, unable to meet expenditures for improvements, that the borrowing limit had been reached, and that more money could not be raised without increasing the tax rate. Therefore, for \$25,000,000 cash in hand, a large part of which would be handed out to Ring contractors, Philadelphia was to throw away properties of immense earning value, and to bind her people hand and foot for the price of their gas until the third generation.

Mayor Weaver looked over the plans, decided that neither his presence nor his veto could be of more avail than a straw in a cyclone, and started west for a vacation tour. But Philadelphia stayed home and grew hotter and hotter day by day. Here was a huge "graft" which stabbed them directly in their most vital organ—to wit, the pocketbook. They had seen their street franchises given away; they had watched their thousands die of typhoid while the Ring contractors lingered with their filtration plants and grew rich thereon; their City Hall towered as one of the most colossal monuments to "graft" in the country.

But this latest assault was not through tax revenues which are indirectly drawn and intangibly expended. Mayor Stuart never made a public speech without referring to Philadelphia as "The City of Homes," adorning the phrase with statistics to show how many hundred thousands of his people owned their roof-trees. It is well known that after ten o'clock at night the streets of Philadelphia are so many brick-walled deserts. Because Philadelphia burns more gas per head it is more vitally interested in gas bills than any other place on earth. It was not so much the disgraceful bargain of the \$25,000,000 that aroused public sentiment as the clause fixing the price of gas through the next eighty years. It was selling a city into bondage. Gas might be selling elsewhere for thirty cents a thousand feet fifty years hence, and Philadelphia would be paying thrice that with no way of escape.

Other less selfish influences were working. The newspapers opened a remarkably well managed campaign against the Ring, the people read them because they were interested in the question discussed, and they began to wax indignant at this new fashion of robbing them. The protests swelled, and during the last week of April they had become a rising storm whose clamor called Mayor Weaver back from the West.



ALEXANDER DE HAVEN

Chairman of the Councils' Finance Committee which approved the Gas Leases

Aroused Citizens!!

You are earnestly urged to get up a delegation of your neighbors to call on our Select Councilman, tell him what you think of him and give him your views on the Gas Lease. We do not want the gas works leased for seventy-five years. LET THE PRESENT LEASE ALONE



GEORGE B. EDWARDS

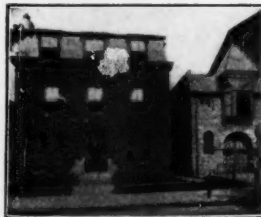
GEORGE B. EDWARDS has been a citizen of the Ward for many years, and will probably be interested in the advice of his friends and neighbors, particularly of those who voted for him. We may yet compel him to represent us and not the U. G. I. and the corrupt bosses who wish to jam the measure through over the Mayor's veto.

DON'T SEE YOUR CITY ROBBED! DON'T BETRAY YOUR TRUST! DON'T MISREPRESENT THE 22d WARD

The Old Township of Germantown!!



351 WEST RITTENHOUSE STREET
Where George B. Edwards Lives



GERMANTOWN POLICE STATION
W. Hazen Street, Back of City Hall, Where George B. Edwards Speeches His Cause

To aid citizens in finding Mr. Edwards so that they may express their wishes to him, his portrait is given, his home and his evening haunt. During the day he is employed at The Stephen Greene Printing Company, N. E. Corner Sixteenth and Arch Streets. Telephone number, Bell "Spruce 3738." Keystone "Race 943." Shortly after supper it is his custom to go to the police station, where if not at home when you call, you will undoubtedly find him.

POSTER USED IN THE PERSONAL CRUSADE

By such original methods as this and a persistent newspaper campaign the Philadelphia Councilmen were driven to surrender after being harassed night and day

Arousing Public Opinion

On May 3, a "town meeting," Philadelphia's old-fashioned safety-valve for high-pressure public sentiment, was held in the Academy of Music. Five thousand men of all kinds and conditions packed the building, and Broad Street seethed with the overflow. A letter was read from Mayor Weaver, declaring his opposition to the Gas Lease ordinance, and the tremendous enthusiasm aroused by his stand did much to stiffen him for the fight to the finish.

City Councils had scheduled action on the "Gas Steal" for the day following this "town meeting." But the city was caught up in a tide of genuine patriotism. Every other man wore a button with the legend "No Gas Steal. We Mean It." Mass meetings were called for every ward in the city. The Committee of Seventy, comprised of influential business and professional men, was organizing a campaign to which citizens were flocking by thousands as a rallying ground. Israel Durham returned from Virginia, considerably annoyed, after urgent summons from his dis-

strict leaders. He strolled into this "town meeting," stood for a few moments in the middle aisle and remarked to a friend on the sidewalk:

"Public opinion in Philadelphia don't amount to a damn. It isn't worth bothering with."

He read no sign of danger, but pressure was coming from his Councilmen, who were made uneasy by the tumult in their own wards. This was the beginning of the personal crusade, the social boycott, the unique campaign against individual Councilmen that stamps this uprising with a distinction all its own. When these early symptoms showed, Durham, against his own convictions, agreed to have action on the Gas Lease postponed for ten days in order to "give an opportunity for competitive bidding."

This was first blood for the public. It was a pale-faced and shaky lot of legislators that voted this delay. They forced their way into City Hall between swaying lines of police, behind whom surged thousands of men that filled the square with shouting protest. From all parts of the city they had paraded with banners, peaceable, but most determined of aspect. The "Spirit of Seventy-six" was indeed beginning to stir.

The Committee of Nine and the Committee of Seventy were able to convince the Mayor in the next few days that the city was aroused to his support as never before, and that although Councils might jam the "Steal" through, his power of veto would be mightily supported. He took the lead in the fight and committed himself to die in the last ditch.

The Machine programme was still moving along without serious hindrance. At the end of the ten days' delay Councils met to pass the ordinance.

This session was the spark to the powder of public wrath. Blindly defiant, no effort was made by the conspirators to smother their contempt for this vast public sentiment that was swiftly working to their undoing.

A better bid than that of the U. G. I. Company was tossed aside, and as one throws a bone to a dog, Councils amended the lease to include a slightly larger, gradual reduction in the price of gas during the next eighty years. This concession was wrung by physical fear and nothing else. The galleries of the two chambers were packed with tax-payers, the streets outside were overflowing with waiting men. Philadelphia had not seen a day like this since the old State House bell rang out its alarm. The corridors swarmed with police massed by order of Durham to protect his hired men while they "delivered the goods." The legislators were hemmed in on three sides by spectators who were there to say what they thought of the proceedings. Hundreds of men shouted "Shame" when the report of the Finance Committee was read or mumbled through as a matter of form. Councilman Thomas J. Morton lumbered to his feet, and red with rage yelled: "I want that gang shut up or put out."

The roar from the galleries that silenced him showed the temper of the audience. Former Judge James Gay Gordon, one of the ablest lawyers of Philadelphia, led the opposition in the Finance Committee hearing. His arguments tore the pending lease to tatters, but the committee-men were not even interested. Their approval of the bill was not a matter for argument. No defence was made, and cross-questioning showed that some members were ignorant of the terms of the bill they indorsed. From the committee the bill was carried into the two chambers of Councils. In Common Councils the crowded gallery began to sing: "Hang the City Robbers on a sour apple tree."

As the members voted "aye" the tally was punctuated with cries of

"Thief," "Steal," "Looters."

The presiding officer called for police to clear the gallery of these "hoodlums." In the Select Chamber the legislators were guarded by a large force of reserves and plain-clothes men. Amid the uproar, the president of this body, Harry C. Kinsley, candidate for Sheriff, lost his temper and cried: "Why don't the cops take care of those dogs up there. There's a dog with whiskers singing 'John Brown's body.' He ought to be clubbed so he'd never come to."

This cost Ransley his place on the municipal ticket, and the nomination will be withdrawn. The speech was sown far and wide, until next day Ransley's "dogs" were barking at him so fiercely in his own ward that he was running to cover. This personal outcry in their faces was new to Philadelphia Councilmen, but they thought it would cease as soon as they had passed the ordinance, the vote on which was 111 for the "Steal" to 13 against it. When the city read that their so-called representatives had laughed at the Mayor's protesting message sent in as his last resort, the opposing forces organized with the most amazing rapidity. The Committee of Nine mirrored the situation in a call to arms which said:

"TO THE CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA:

"You received yesterday the most insolent affront from your Councilmen ever given to the people of a great American city. Your committee appointed by town meeting now calls upon you:

"First—To awaken to your injuries, which are:

"A—Insult to your declared opinion and the expressed wish of your Mayor asking for delay.

"B—Theft of your property.

"C—Enslavement for three generations to a gas monopoly.

"Second—To rise in your might and by personal, unceasing effort make impossible the consummation of the great steal ever attempted.

"A—By assembling in every ward and by personal demand and pressure upon your local Councilman.

"B—By free and immediate use of the cards and literature distributed by the Committee, as well as other forms of written protest.

"C—By preparing for a great rally that will block the final attempt to complete the conspiracy, when the ordinance is again considered after the Mayor has vetoed it."

The people followed this line of conduct and thereby drove home their attack. They went after their Councilmen, horse, foot, and dragons. In staid old Germantown lives Select Councilman George B. Edwards. He has been a faithful Machine man, known among his friends as "Move-to-Adjourn" Edwards, which title includes the only speech he has been ever heard to make in the Council chamber. He is a very large and fat man who dislikes to be pointed out as such.

Mr. Edwards has a Hard Time

Soon after he voted for the "Steal" Germantown was gay with large posters adorned with the expansive face of Mr. Edwards, also a photograph of his home, and of the Germantown Police Station "where he spends his evenings." The public was also informed that "Mr. Edwards is employed at the Stephen Green Printing



THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF MAYOR WEAVER OF PHILADELPHIA

After he dismissed the Machine Directors of Public Safety and Public Works, cheering crowds gave him one of the most remarkable ovations in Philadelphia's history as he walked from the City Hall to the Union League Club.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHILADELPHIA "NORTH AMERICAN"

Company, northeast corner Sixteenth and Arch Streets. Telephone number, 'Bell, Spruce 843.' Shortly after supper it is his custom to go to the police station, where if you're not at home when you call, you will undoubtedly find him."

The community took the hint. Mr. Edwards was besieged by day at his place of business and by night at home and the police station. Devoted citizens sat up by watches to keep his telephone going through the twenty-four hours. The postman delivered his mail in a wheelbarrow. A trail of men followed him in the street chanting "Fat Edwards, the thief." His neighbors cut him dead, fellow employees knew him not. When President Hadley advocated the "social boycott" as a remedy for public evils he was hooted down. Mr. "Move-to-Adjourn" Edwards knows that President Hadley was right. The "social boycott" can be made so intolerable that surrender is the only way out.

Unpleasant to be Called a Thief

Councilman J. E. Byram of Frankford learned the same lesson. At the first indignation meeting in his ward he was fairly dragged on to the platform. A neighbor faced him and spoke as follows: "Ain't you ashamed, John? Nobody speaks to you. You're a moral leper, and you know it. Of course, you got your bit out of that steal, and you grafted some off the other one, and 'Iz' Durham has promised to take care of you on the gas job. But you can't live in your own house, and the children on the streets call you a thief."

A little later, when Byram announced that he wished to lead the Memorial Day parade of his district, he was told that his place was filled by an honest man. This was the last straw, and he sat down and wept.

Charles Connor, Common Councilman, switched to the support of the Mayor when his wife took to her bed, made ill by the snubs of her women friends. A German "Machine" legislator was called up on the telephone. His wife answered: "I have decided we will vote with the Mayor. My children is told by hundreds at school that their fadder is a thief. Ve can not stand it."

Dozens of automobiles were enlisted in the crusade. Every Councilman who voted for the "Steal" was pursued whenever he left his home and made a marked man for the town to jeer at. The spirit of revolution was in the air. In stores and hotels and barrooms, in churches, homes, and on the streets, the "Steal" was the one topic, and men and women discussed it with vibrant voices and flushed faces, as if the nation had declared war. Self-interest and gas bills had been drowned in genuine patriotism, which knew neither party, creed, nor social rank. Men who dared defend the vote of Councils were chased and beaten. Hawkers sold by the thousand postal cards on which were spirited drawings of Councilmen swinging from limbs or peering through bars. These were mailed to the offenders by the bushel, by means of "endless chains."

The newspapers, for once, led the movement and the populace followed the lead. A "black list" and a "roll of honor" were printed daily, and whenever a vote was swung to the right column the town shook hands with itself and cheered. A detailed directory of the daily walks and business of each man was "kept standing," and these were clipped and used as guides to harass the Councilmen from one end of the town to the other. Under such pressure, distracted by a warfare carried into their homes, their wives and children tortured, their livelihood endangered, these victims broke the ranks of the Ring until the two-third majority needed to carry the bill over the Mayor's certain veto was in the gravest peril. It is most probable that these methods alone would have routed the "Bosses." But Durham and Senator Penrose sat in their offices, refusing to be interviewed, indifferent to all this "hurrah, boys."

The bursting of a twelve-inch shell would not have surprised them more than the news on Tuesday, May 23, that Mayor Weaver had removed from office the two men who bulwarked the city patronage and were therefore the mainstay of the "organization." These were David Smyth, Director of Public Safety, and Peter J. Costello, Director of Public Works.

At one blow the grip of the "Ring" was torn from the control of the police and fire departments, and of uncounted millions in city contracts. Twenty thousand place holders and the high place of "graft" were in the hands of the Mayor, the man of whom Durham had said: "Who the hell is Weaver?"

The revolt was a revolution. Two independent business men were at once appointed to the vacant places, Sheldon Potter over the police and firemen, and A. Lincoln Acker in charge of the public works. Elihu Root and former Judge Gordon were retained as Mayor's counsel for the finish fight.

A judge was found willing to issue an injunction against the new appointees, and three hours after the shift of officials the Ring directors were back in office. Twenty-four hours later a Supreme Court writ had overruled the first injunction and the Mayor was again on top. With a bodyguard of detectives he put out, almost threw out, Smyth and Costello. The city had become disheartened overnight. It looked as if the injunction obtained by the Machine would keep its men in office through a long-drawn fight in the courts, and then the whirligig, melodramatic shift of affairs, by which Durham and Penrose were routed, set the people frantic.

When Mayor Weaver walked three squares to the Union League for luncheon, five thousand men and women closed round him. They swept over the crowd of small-fry politicians waiting for orders in front of the Betz Building, and cheered as they struggled to get near the Mayor, to glimpse him, to grasp his hand. Hats were tossed in the air, dignified old League members danced on their balcony and led three cheers for the Mayor until they were breathless. The street was filled while he stayed inside, and his progress back to City Hall was that of a conqueror.

Durham, McNichol, Penrose and the rest were rattled and lost their heads. They had never planned for a defensive campaign. A cloud of lawyers fluttered to them, and out of the war councils was evolved a desperate scheme to impeach the Mayor. He was to be accused of malfeasance in office by accepting gifts in violation of law. It seems that at Christmas time of last year the Mayor was presented with a pair of horses by James McNichol, the contractor, who is Durham's right-hand man. It was McNichol who suggested that the Mayor be impeached for accepting them. Then it was debated whether old charges concerning the Salter ballot-stuffing case, which was tried by Weaver as District Attorney, could be raked up and used against him. This was dropped, and the question of calling a special session of the Legislature for the purpose of "ripping" Weaver from office was threshed out. Inasmuch as the two men, Durham and Penrose, control the Legislature at Harrisburg, and Governor Pennypacker can be relied upon to approve any bill in aid of Machine rule in Philadelphia, this scheme was not without merit.

But before the leaders had gathered their wits another "town meeting" was held. It overflowed from the Academy of Music into nearby halls, then spilled

(Continued on page 20)

OUR NORTH COAST EMPIRE

THE CENTURY'S TRIUMPH ALONG THE TRAIL OF CAPTAINS LEWIS AND CLARK

THE main entrance to the Lewis and Clark Exposition is on the Missouri River. The real show of 1905 is the mighty, throbbing, earnest empire of our proud Northwest. President Jefferson gave to Lewis and Clark a higher commission than that of merely piercing the great wilderness to find out how the continental waterways took their course to the Western Seas. The expedition that started up the Missouri River in awkward, hand-made paddle craft, one hundred and two years ago, was born of imperial dreams. The mammoth errand was keystoneed by something better than idle curiosity, and the ridiculously small Congressional subsidy of \$2,500 for that vast enterprise was the greatest investment the United States ever made. Whosoever doubts it should in this Centennial year take the steel-railed trail, and in palace-car luxury traverse in three days the vast wonderland that engaged the pioneer explorers for more than two long years.

The Louisiana Purchase Act excepted, the Lewis and Clark Expedition is the greatest expansion act spread upon our national records. After a century of pioneering, the wild nation of Indian and elk has crystallized into a civilization that expresses one of the greatest industrial conquests known in the history of the world.

Where Lewis and Clark encountered only buffalo, grizzly, and hordes of savage men, mighty cities have been built wherein are centred industries of world-wide consequence. Near Mandan, where the first hard winter was spent among the hostile redskins, now stands Bismarck, the capital city of the great bread-producing commonwealth of North Dakota. The little remnants of the Mandan tribe have forgotten their fathers' resentment of the white man's invading three-board canoe, and the giant steam plow has erased the badger's path.

Through the Yellowstone Valley, the arid lands, so depressing to the explorers, have been subdued by the culture of alfalfa, the sacred grass of ancient Rome. King of forage plants, it has been forced by agricultural science to spread an emerald carpet over the level desert stretches where formerly only the knotty sagebrush grew. Supplying as it does the richest food for cattle, sheep and horses, it has converted the desert waste into a prosperous community that puts the good old Hoosier farms to a severe competitive test. These ancient desert fields have born palaces and financed the making of great commercial cities. The same engineering and agricultural skill is reclaiming Wyoming, and will, in no far distant time, east of the Rockies as well as west, make kind and hospitable all the deserts of the long centuries. Neither Lewis nor Clark, nor Jefferson himself, could guess the worth of the conquest. They only believed that some time it would be worth something, and the century has well proved the wisdom of their faith.

Rocky Mountain Wealth

The Rocky Mountains at once suggested wealth, and Captains Lewis and Clark, in reporting back the mightiest obstacle on their trail, said: "In future ages the bowels of these mountains will yield greater riches than the golden coast of Guinea, or even the Peruvian Sierras." Butte and Anaconda alone have long since vindicated this prophecy.

Though the romance of their argonaut days has passed to history, there still remains much of the uncouth extravagance of the early pioneer mining towns. Two-bits is still too generally the minimum coin—a sign of industrial incompleteness. Their primary virtues are pick-axes and banks. Butte is a city of mud and money. Parks and civic adornment belong to less fortunate towns. Find a yellow streak in any of its unpaved streets and the town council will condemn the main thoroughfare that a dividend-producing smelter may be built thereon! and why not? Its laborers prefer three dollars a day to any "over the fence" enjoyment of the other fellow's Italian garden. Each green dump pile of ore that completes the view of every street is part of the great panorama of prosperity to which every Butte citizen points with pride. What matter if it be our most unlovely town?

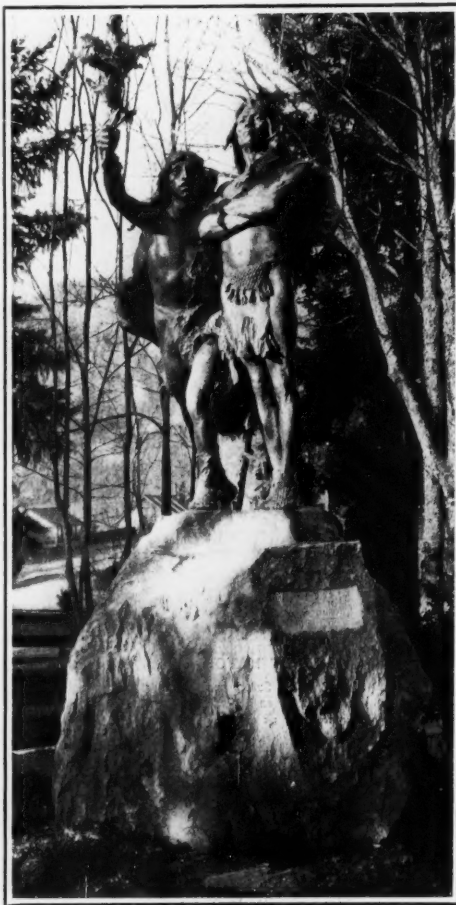
In all its ugly strength, Butte is a power that all the world can not break. Its smoky, dirty pocket in the Rockies is indeed worth all of Guinea's golden coast. The social graces and palatial edifices, that Butte knows so little of, have fittingly enough found their place at Helena, the commonwealth's capital, less than fifty miles away.

But despite the essential value of mines, any military general or empire builder will mark as the future industrial centre of a new country the heart of that section wherein the most green things will grow. Such cities as Billings, to the east of the Rockies, and Missoula, at the foot of the Bitter Root Range, are proving the truth of the old Ohio adage that "the Apple Country wins." The Congressional expedition act of a hundred years ago, which was an act of doubt, has been repudiated by the Congress of 1905, through an act of faith. The Government's gigantic programme of engineering the Sperry Glacier waters to the parched lands of Northern Montana will, when realized, make homes for not less than two millions of people, and reclaim a desert territory greater than the State of Massachusetts. And the secrets of Montana's deserts are not half told. Of water there is abundance. Science will create the means of distribution and application. Already the story of the pioneer is legend. Half a century may find Pennsylvania more sparsely settled than the great commonwealth of plains and mountains.

Great Falls and Helena will be as beautiful as Rochester and Syracuse, and far more wonderful in setting. Even Butte may some day take kindly to the poets, and the university City of Missoula will be the Ithaca of the West. If her past development be an index of her future, Montana was indeed a find.

The other great find of Captains Lewis and Clark lies west of the Bitter Root Range. The great tract west of the water divide now trisected into the States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, is an empire in itself. Larger than France and Switzerland combined, it is infinitely greater in resources, and its scenery is superior to the grandeur of either the Pyrenees or the Alps.

It is not extravagant to say that these far Northwestern States possess more wonderful possibilities of development than any other group of States in our Union. Their metropolitan centres are already remarkable and eloquent exhibits of both the resources and the enterprise with which they are so richly endowed. Spokane, the industrial capital of the Inland Empire, lying between the Rockies and the Cascades, is perhaps without a rival the cleanest city in the United States. It is a city that has developed physically, socially, morally, and industrially. Founded by a horse thief



COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

This Bronze Group stands in the City Park of Portland, and represents the Red Man's first sight of the Lewis and Clark Explorers

scarcely more than twenty-five years ago, it is free from every trace of social vice and gambling. The common conscience is dedicated to high tasks, a striking contrast to such a city as Philadelphia, with its Puritanic foundation and sequence of sodden corruption. In ten years this frontier town has developed into a metropolis that should be an inspiration to the workers for municipal corrections in the older cities of the East. Spokane has broad streets, well kept. It has no city canyons like Nassau and Maiden Lane. It is a city of middlemen and homes. The manufactories, flour mills, saw mills, and sash factories clustered about the powerful and still unharnessed falls of Spokane create a distributed rather than a congested wealth. It is commonly American. Pauperism is a disgrace and not a circumstance. Thrift is the slogan. The humblest cottage is individual and distinctive. Its grass plots and vine-grown walls would picture an attractive cover for any country lover's magazine. Twelve thousand carloads of dressed lumber and more than a million dollars' worth of flour shipped to Eastern cities last year demonstrates the potentiality of the infant city. Spokane, with all its newness and nearness to natural sources of wealth, believes as firmly as old New England that knowledge is the foundation of all real American prosperity. Accordingly, it has laid its heaviest tax in the interest of its schools. Nothing can arrest the growth of a city inoculated with such a

wholesome contagion as this. To find a land where such a city might be was worth all the hardships of the Empire hunt of a hundred years ago.

In the year 2000 A. D. New York's closest rival in the census race will be Seattle. To-day the Pacific metropolis suffers by excesses. It is bewildered by its own growth and lives by that indomitable determination which made Chicago and was never known to fail. Its handicaps are philosophically accepted as its advantages. Its perpendicular streets are its ornaments—without them the rare setting of the city would be lost. Its hills are its boast. Seattle has ancient Rome "beat to death," for Seattle is founded on twenty hills instead of seven. Seattle is forehanded and ready to take care of the immigration that it knows must come. There are enough hotels in the town to accommodate a hundred Y. M. C. A. conventions. Tacoma likes to emphasize the fact that Seattle business buildings rent their offices completely furnished as an inducement for patronage. But Seattle can afford to let Tacoma laugh. Chicago did the same thing half a century ago and Milwaukee laughed. To-day Chicago is the fourth city on the globe and Milwaukee is "the little town up the lake."

In the panic of 1893, when bank presidents were cutting their throats and jumping into lakes to avoid imminent failure, and even the banks of conservative and substantial Portland were rocking like a Roman galley in a tempest, and Tacoma went all to smash, Seattle rallied into martial line, stood shoulder to shoulder, every man standing staunch by the town, and not a bank went down. Instead of running its banks to ruin, Seattle to a man put every dollar they could command into the banks, and Seattle's credit was king of the sunset coast. All the frenzied finance of Wall Street, the war lotteries of the Bank of England, the Rothschilds' accumulations, and Rockefeller's tainted money combined can never beat Seattle's game. Seattle is sure to win. It can no more be checked than can an infant's hand hold back Niagara's torrent.

Where now goes the frontier and the pioneer? No longer to the West. For centuries the world's emigration has been on latitudinal lines. Seattle is the pivot point in the twentieth century that has turned the pioneer northward and emigration on the longitudinal trail. The American frontiersman is to-day felling the trees of the Yukon Valley and building enduring cities at Dyea and Dawson.

World's Greatest Harbor

Puget Sound is the greatest harbor in the world, and no single city can ever monopolize its commerce. Tacoma, doubling its population in the last five years, is scarcely less wonderful than its northward rival resting on twenty hills. Tacoma supplies what Seattle lacks. On the broad flats stretching from the Puget waters toward Mount Tacoma's base are being built the factories and mills that will make Tacoma the substantial manufacturing centre of our long Pacific Coast. Tacoma as a shipping point can boast of the largest covered piers in the world, and of an available dock mileage greater than that now used by New York, Jersey City, and Philadelphia combined. Because Tacoma has more level land adjacent to tide-water than any other Puget Sound port, and because the life-supporting and wealth-producing resources of the Pacific Coast are nearly three times greater than on the Atlantic, Tacoma is destined to some day exceed in national importance any of the Atlantic seaboard cities, New York alone excepted.

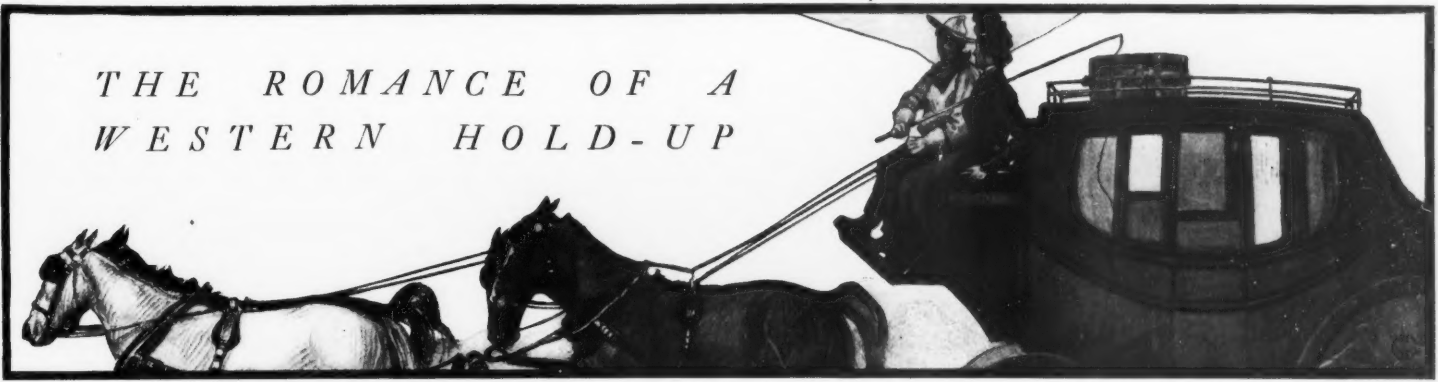
Portland is the one big strong Pacific city that is not "out West." It is old, conservative, and substantial. It is contented, cultured, and grown. It is lending money to-day to the very cities that are seeking to rob it of its commercial prestige. Like any good Massachusetts town, Portland has libraries, art museums, and historical societies. It is so eastern in atmosphere that Worcester seems but twenty miles away. There are no Boosters promoting Portland. Portland has got down to bed rock. The Klondike nuggets so commonly worn on watchfobs and scarfpins in Seattle are not found in Portland. They ignore even the emblem of chance. There is nothing speculative in the commercial spirit of the city. Two hundred million dollars represent the assessed valuation of its wholesale and manufacturing business, and in this the city feels secure.

Portland is a city of culture and refinement, of beautiful homes and broad-minded and hospitable people. Perhaps no city of its size is endowed with greater wealth, and yet there is a wholesome absence of the liveried coachman, the innumerable flunkies, with the frills and flummery of modern society. Portland is American, democratic, and rational.

In 1846 the two New England settlers of the city decided their dispute as to whether the future metropolis of the North Pacific Coast should bear the name of Portland or Boston by flipping a coin. Portland won. To-day the Oregonian city is three times as large and infinitely greater in commercial importance than the old Maine town from which it took its name. Eight years ago New York handled seventy-eight per cent of the wheat, corn, and flour exports of America. Last year it handled but thirty-seven per cent, and the Government now proclaims Portland the greatest of all wheat shipping ports in the United States. Here is a town which alone and independent of the great Empire in which it is centred has more than vindicated President Jefferson's twenty years of impatience to expand to the sunset sea. (Continued on page 25.)

ARMS AND THE WOMAN

THE ROMANCE OF A WESTERN HOLD-UP



By REX E. BEACH

"HERE'S the point," said Hoffmeister. "If we send a messenger they'll know there's treasure aboard. The stage has been stuck up so often, it's getting habitual. We've got to use ingenuity. I've wired to Horn for two Wells-Fargo men. They'll meet you at the second relay, so you pull out alone, as usual, and pick 'em up there."

Shorty nodded acquiescence.

"All the same, I ain't weighed down with suppressed glee at bein' duenna for thirty thousand dollars, even for twenty mile—that is, not in the immoral vicinities of this neighborhood."

"Oh, there's no danger this side of Number Two. It'll be on the Big Grade if it's anywhere."

"Let me impress on you once and forever that there ain't no danger to me in neither place—I'm the driver. Black Bart knows that the olive wreaths of peace and concord is grafted on to me, and sproutin' like asparagus. It's the messenger that fills the exactin' duties of imitatin' the back end of a shootin' gallery. A driver ain't s'posed to exhibit himself as a marksman sample. All he does is to straddle the strong box an' insult the hosses out of a walk."

The two men spoke cautiously, as befits people under stress of extreme care, and the rumble of the dwarf's deep voice sounded to the miners at the front bar like the faint summer mutterings of heat thunder.

Details completed, he slid down from his chair and rolled forth behind the ruddy German. His wide body swayed oddly on its sturdy legs, while the contrast between his dachshund lower limbs and the heavy shoulders, with their long, loosely pendent arms, would have excited laughter in a stranger. Not so with the local population. As he entered the room with the superintendent, an air of forced unconsciousness, tangible and oppressive, settled heavily over the men lined up against the counters. Your miner is not a finished mask. Dissimulation sits gloomily upon him, and this unnatural naturalness that seized the assembly bore eloquent witness to the prowess of the diminutive man who had saddled a punctilious decorum upon an irreverent community.

Hoffmeister and his companion drank; the large man wetting the bottom of his glass with the vitriol, and tossing it off wryly; the other filling his to the brim, and rolling it in his mouth like a toothwash. He swallowed lingeringly, with lazy enjoyment, breathing the fumes through his nostrils. One felt that a struck match would ignite him into the likeness of a dragon or a blue flamed cigar-lighter.

"I suppose," said the superintendent, having coughed the paralysis from his vocal chords, "you saw the girl that came up yesterday with Newcomb?"

"What! Girl here? In this camp?" Shorty showed extreme trepidation. "Why, I come off up here on purpose to get shed of 'em."

"Yes, I only caught a glimpse of her myself, but what I saw looked mighty pretty."

The driver groaned. "It'll be just my infernal luck to run slap into her, an' if I do I'll stampede like a buffalo calf, see if I don't. Like as not, I'll gallop clean over the bluff into the river. I got tore up fierce oncet back at the Bar X; the foreman's wife come up on me unexpected an' I run through a barb-wire fence."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Well, it's this way. The minute I see skirts I go plumb dippy—my eyes hang out like loose ulster buttons, an' them little hot springs in my mouth, saleratus glands, I believe, goes dry till my throat feels like I was beatin' carpets in a closet. My speech splinters up and sticks in my neck like I was eatin' sun perch in the dark. Talk about suspended animation, mine's hung up so high I couldn't reach it with a boat-hook."

A man inserted his head through the door and yelled: "All aboard!"

This was an example of Forest Hill's mild irony, for very rarely did passengers ride with Shorty, now that the mining season was on, and only such as had urgent business left the train at Auburn to toll back up the rugged divide to the camp at the head of the American River.

The two men carried the messenger box from the rear room, lifting it on to the boot. The postmaster tossed a dyspeptic mailbag into the stage body, and the driver scrambled to his throne with dignity. Extracting a plug of Climax, he bit a large farewell half-moon therefrom, rolling the quid into his cheek for company. Then, as he gathered his reins, the voice of "Peg-Leg," the landlord, came to him.

"Hey! Wait a minute—passenger for you, Shorty." There was a rustle and scurry, and the jehu's widening gaze beheld a flashing, white-clad, feminine figure, petite and picturesque. It launched itself upon him, more dreadful than a plague, and he froze in his seat.

"Oh! I want to ride up there," she cried brightly, and Shorty's heart turned to water. He slid dumbly along 'till he crowded the edge, while she was lifted by willing hands, settling beside him like a bit of thistle-down. An odor of sachet, strange and demoralizing, enveloped the doughty driver so that he gasped and wriggled, glancing miserably at Hoffmeister. He encountered only a great expanse of gleaming gold-filled teeth, while he heard the snicker of the loafers.

"All right, Shorty!" said "Peg-Leg." "Good-by, miss. Come again," and the populace of Forest Hill doffed felt and fur to sweep the ground in a Chesterfieldian salute. The men at the rearing horses' heads watched the driver, buckled to the snapping reins, vainly waiting the signal to let go, but his eyes were roving helplessly. He licked his lips and opened his mouth. There issued—silence, broken only by the tramp of the dancing animals.

It is said that the bat's cry is too high pitched for the human ear. Perhaps the converse held with Shorty's voice—mayhap it had gone so low as to be under the aural range, where the senses could not grasp its slow vibration.

Theatrically, it was a stage-wait, silent, agonizing, sweat-producing, with a delighted audience grinning

its approval. He swallowed desperately, and—too late—felt his quid slipping over the precipice of his esophagus like an ore-skip diving into a shaft. His body doubled convulsively, and there came a cough, unheralded and sharp—as sudden, metallic, and loud as the exhaust of a switch engine on a frosty morning. Men and horses leaped together, and they were snatched clattering into full flight. Simultaneously there was a jolting crash and a muffled squeak from the girl.

Oh, lasting disgrace! Shorty had taken out the corner post of the hotel porch.

For many endless minutes he sat in a blue funk, then gradually his emotions quieted, for the girl chattered gayly, either oblivious to his shyness in the perfect beauty of the ride, or feigning a preternatural interest in the ragged scenery through which or above which they rolled, for the road follows the comb of the great divide between the north and middle branches of the river. Away down at the tip of this granite tongue, far across the main river, lies Auburn.

Hundreds of feet below them gleamed the Middle Fork, ochre with the silt of the hydraulics that roared amid the heavy timber.

Under her tactful loquacity the dust dissolved in Shorty's mouth, the constricted paralysis left his larynx, and sounds born of intellect began to issue, hoarse and unintelligible at first, but approximating rhetoric of a kind. Then, as the wine of her presence rose in his head, he straightened in his seat, his sturdy legs braced themselves more stiffly against the iron box, and he drove with a skill and dash that surprised himself. Down the grade they fled, the old coach yawning drunkenly, through narrow gorges, round curves whose long sides overhung green redwood tops or tall, naked bluffs.

Never in his life had the little man been so long in the company of the unknown sex, and now this unwonted intimacy with its most lovely member, together with the sense of being in a measure her protector, stimulated him strangely. His chest swelled round and full and he thought:

"Grand! If the boys could only see me now! I ain't sweatin' a bit." Occasionally he stole furtive sideways glances, then stared fixedly at the thirsty road ahead, planting the impressions in his memory that they might later grow and bloom into marvelous reminiscence. Manifestly this visitation could, in the economy of affairs, occur but once in a lifetime. In view of this, his growing self-confidence became almost intoxicating.

"Do you always carry a gun?" she inquired, gazing doubtfully at his holster, from which protruded a carved ivory pistol butt smoothed by much usage.

"Yep! I learned the habit as a baby."

"It's an awfully big one, isn't it?"

"Sure, an' she jumps like a goat, too. First time I shot her she bucked me through a fence an' then kicked at me twice under the bottom rail. We've got acquainted now, though, an' she knows more'n some Swedes. Want to try her?"

"No! no!" hastily disclaimed the girl.

"It might frighten the horses."

"Not on your life—they're used to it. Tain't over two weeks ago that Black Bart shot up the Auburn Kid—Wells-Fargo man, you know. He was settin' right where you are."

"What do you mean?" said she, moving uneasily.

"Who is Black Bart?" Shorty gazed incredulously at her, but she smiled into his eyes till he suddenly felt chills racing madly up his spine and grew apoplectic.

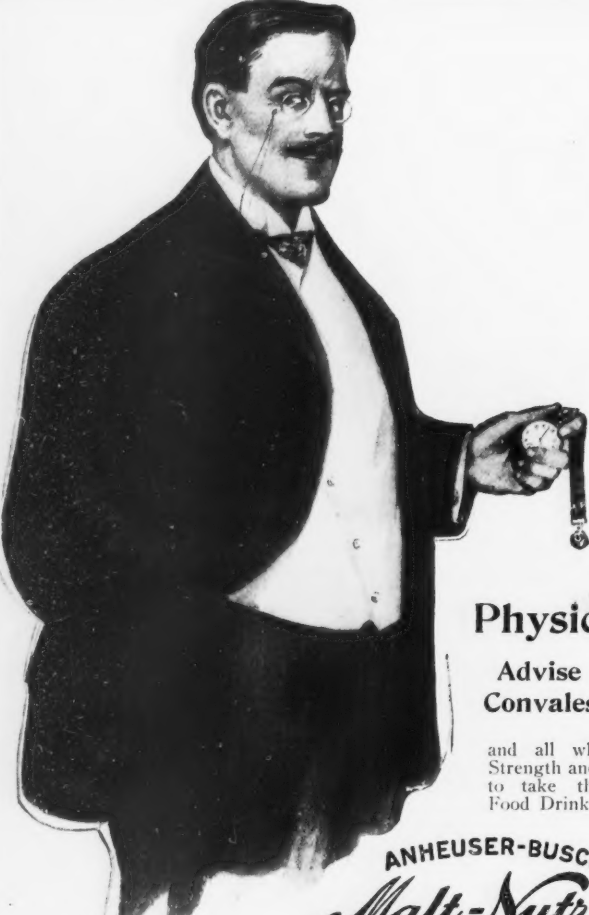
"Er—ah—ain't you heard about Black Bart, the outlaw? Say! You must live plumb out of the world. New York? I thought so. You Eastern folks 'way down around Denver an' Boston is clean off the map, ain't you? This Bart is a guy with leanin's toward politeness an' other people's money, also a hell of an aim. I beg your pardon, Miss," he stammered, while his face grew red and hot, "them little cusses hide around the back of my mouth among the holler teeth jest layin' to hop out like that."

"Go on, please." "Nobody's ever seen his face, though some people claims hankerin' for a sight of it, such bein' mostly sheriffs an' Wells-Fargo directors. He works alone, an' shot-gun messengers sort of riles him. They must be associated with something sad in his past, for



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George Gibbs

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ARMS AND THE WOMAN

(Continued from page 19)

he's acquired such a mild aversion to 'em that he's laid out five in eight months."

"What a horrible creature," said the lady with heat. "Oh! he might be considerable worse. S'posin' he couldn't shoot straight? He'd puncture me some day. As it is, I hold my mitts up, chew tobacco, an' throw him the box when he's through divertin' himself with the escort. I sort of like his nerve, tacklin' a job single-handed, too."

"I'd kill him!" said the passenger with emphasis. "I couldn't. It wouldn't be reg'lar. I'm the driver, and drivers ain't supposed to draw cards in the game. Besides, I ain't a fightin' man."

"If I took a shot at Black Bart an' missed, he'd just insert himself into the landscape an' lay for my next trip; then all of our prayers wouldn't be no more unavailin' than old man Harkimer's was."

The young lady studied for some moments. "I hate to think about robberies, for all the money I have in the world is in that box."

"What?" Shorty squared around.

"Yes! Two thousand dollars."

Suspicion lurked in his voice, as, with true mountain adroitness, he questioned her.

"How'd you get all that?"

"It's the first payment for my brother's claim. Perhaps you knew him, Lincoln Cushing? He was a trifle wild, I'm afraid."

Shorty guessed maybe he was, and recalled only too well how the young rascal had jumped camp owing him a hundred dollars. He had been a likeable scamp for all that, but had fallen in with the wrong lot and lacked moral courage to break away. There had been a shooting scrape, no one knew just how it started, nor what became of young Cushing thereafter.

The lady leaned over confidentially.

"That's not the worst though. I've heard he drank!" She said it breathlessly, with open shame.

Her listener didn't seem particularly horrified.

"Well, he et, too, as I recall it now."

"Yes, yes! I don't mean that way. He drank whiskey—think of it."

"I often do," said Shorty, licking his lips. "Why?"

"We heard he was dead," she continued sadly. "It nearly killed mother, and as soon as my school closed I came out to sell the mine. Just think—two thousand dollars, right in that box. Won't that come handy for us?"

Shorty 'lowed it would.

"We can't be too kind to our mothers, can we?" she smiled at him brightly.

"I s'pose not. What 're they like? I was drug up on goat's milk, an' cut my teeth on chewin' tobacco."

They reached Number Two in a rattling burst of speed, and, as the fresh animals were bent in, he questioned: "Where's them messengers? Hey! You there!"

The stable-man started from his staring admiration of the passenger.

"They must be late, but I reckon you'll meet 'em in a few miles," he remarked as they pulled out.

As they left the relay station further behind, Shorty's uneasiness grew. They were threading deep into the heart of Bart's stamping ground, and at every hill and every curve he strained ahead for a glimpse of the tardy escort.

This he concealed from the girl, for he had acquired a strange feeling for her. It had grown rankly with the demise of his shyness, fostered, no doubt, by the warmth of her gentleness, and as yet it was too suffusing to permit of analysis.

Swinging past an elbow in the trail, they sagged rattling down across a gully, thence up a gentle rise where the horses slowed. As they topped this, the girl shrieked muffledly, and he leaned back on the reins cursing.

Instinctively he approved of the fact that she had not crouched against him, as any other woman would have done under sudden fright, but instead sat tight and still, leaving him free and unhampered.

Two figures had risen from the top of the bank, armed, masked, and sinister. One, the familiar form of Black Bart, tall, debonaire, mocking. The other, a stranger whom Shorty had never seen before. Each carried a Winchester; the elder man holding his loosely in his hollowed arm; the other, half leveled in the position for quick action.

Before the horses had reared at the back pull, the little man had grasped these points and swore again at the luck which sent two men against him on this of all days.

It had come too suddenly for him to formulate a plan of action. Moreover, it was contrary to all precedent for a driver to assume other than passive duties; he doubted whether road etiquette permitted it. Still, it was quite impossible that the little lady should lose her fortune.

As these thoughts hurtled through his brain he likewise weighed the odds against him. Even though he got one, the other would kill him where he sat.

art he knew for a deadly shot, whereas the stranger seemed oddly shaken—regular buck-fever apparently, from his trembling. Evidently Fate "had it in for" Bart and himself. Also, rage had flashed blindingly over him at the mocking words of the desperado: "Oh! Better cargo than bullion this trip, Shorty. You've brought me a sweetheart, eh?"

He had cooled even before his weight on the brake brought them to a stand. As the reins eased, his hand slid suddenly to holster, and the overgrown gun leaped forth, roaring as it came. Bart's Winchester rang whirling from his grasp, leaving him untouched, the whirling whine of the glancing bullet mingling with the scream of the woman.

As the driver fired, he writhed in his seat, expecting the blow of the other's ball. It did not come. Swinging, he fired again, and the stranger, who had seemed numbed by an unaccountable paralysis, swayed gropingly out over the bank and slid limply down into the road, amid a rattle of gravel and stones. Bart snatched at his rifle and leaped to cover behind the bowlders of the hillside, moving with the quick litherness of a panther, or a man accustomed to the spat of rifle bullets, while his curses sounded as he yanked vainly at the ejector.

"I've smashed its stummick," yelled Shorty gleefully, firing at each exposure of the retreating figure. "I've spiked his gun!"

As the bandit dodged out of range he leaped down.

"Here! get inside, quick!" and the girl flung herself into his arms.

Oh! the indescribable sweetness of that moment! He had held a woman—a real, regular woman—on his breast! The boys would swear he was a liar if he ever told.

Thrusting her inside, he ran forward to the figure that lay in the road by the heads of the snorting horses. As he did so, the man raised uncertainly upon one elbow, the mask, a bandanna kerchief, still hiding his features. Blood trickled out of his hair from a thin gash over one ear.

"Just creased him, I reckon. So much the better."

He snatched the long neckcloth from his own throat, and, rolling the man roughly on his face, drew his arms together, knotting his wrists at the back. He worked with fury, glancing up the mountainside, where, on the bare ridge, he saw the figure of Black Bart running westward along its crest, paralleling the direction they would take.

"He's makin' for the cut-off," Shorty gritted. "This fight ain't started yet. I can't turn back or he'll get me sure."

Knowing the mountains like a book, Bart was racing for a sheep trail which led down from the "hog-back" intersecting the wagon road at the far side of

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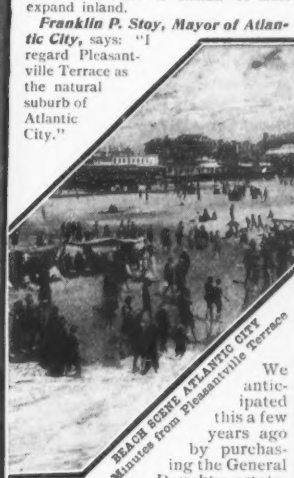
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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Washer."

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

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So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Washer" what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

I will send any reliable person a "1900 Washer" on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Washer" must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest



thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 30 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Washer," that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,—R. F. Bieber, Gen. Mgr. of "1900 Washer Co.," 731 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

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ARMS AND THE WOMAN

(Continued from page 21)

a great bend, where it hugged the hill before debouching on to the flat at the forks. Gaining this point ahead of the stage, he could lie in wait with the certainty of getting his man with his side arms.

Disregarding his victim's groans, the dwarf swung him over his great shoulders and rushed at the stage. Hurling him abruptly in upon the girl, he slammed the door, shouting: "Hang on, little woman, an' keep your head in."

He lashed the horses down the dizzy trail, while above and far to the right he saw the vanishing outlaw flickering through the scattered pines.

The team, frenzied by the smell of raw blood, fled madly, their driver bolted to his seat yelling words of encouragement. Other furious drives had Shorty made down this route, but never such a racing, swaying, drunken fight as this. He gripped the "forty-five" between his knees, driving with one hand while he ejected and reloaded with the other.

As they roared down the mountain the intoxication of the chase rose in him till he shouted, hoarsely, great bellows of defiance. The Presence behind him stirred knightly depths in his soul of which he had never dreamed, and he ached with a desire for sacrificial offering—a passion for immolation.

As they rocked around the nose of the last bluff he yelled again, for ahead of him and midway down the zigzag sheep trail was Black Bart, literally dropping off the vertical cliff, from crag to crag. It was evident he would be within range.

"Hope he gets me 'stead of a horse," thought the driver. "If he drops one of them we'll go over the mountainside like a rocket."

The animals were stretched flatly in the foam-flecked delirium of a runaway, their rattling hoof roll thundering above the hubbub of the jolting, jumping coach.

Bart knelt, resting his weapon over the crook of his folded arm. The splinters bit off from the seat at Shorty's side. Then they both fired, but the heave of a winded, panting man is as bad for the aim as a perch on the summit of a careening stage.

"Thank God, he ain't tryin' for the team," thought the dwarf, and as they drew together he beheld the other's face, and saw that rage rioted there so savagely that it blinded him to his surer revenge. His mask was gone, and Shorty knew that he alone had seen the features of the mysterious road agent. As they tore up abreast, the other's gun belched again, and Shorty felt the paralyzing stroke of a missile, while the ribbons slipped from his left hand.

"Ye got me!" he bellowed, then they were whisked past, and, kneeling, he shielded his short body behind the vehicle top, sheathing his six-shooter.

They swung down on to the flat amid a spatter of gravel, splashed through the ford of the North Fork, and rushed scrambling up the bank to the Wire Bridge Toll House. Old Charley Crane appeared, followed by Winters, the messenger, and a stranger, doubtless his companion. The two latter carried abbreviated shotguns.

"What's up, Shorty?" questioned Winters. He spoke with the restrained curiosity of the mountaineer. "Sounded something like a gun play back yonder."

"Ye don't say?" replied the driver testily. "Why didn't ye meet me at Number Two?"

"Smash-up on the railroad! Who was it—Black Bart?"

Shorty nodded.

"How'd you come out?"

"Oh! not too bad. I got a little something to show fer it." He clambered down, finding it impossible not to swagger slightly, for he felt an overpowering satisfaction. The safety of his lady, the capture of a desperado, the preservation of the company's bullion; all this he had effected single-handed—and against odds.

With the others crowding him he jerked the door open, then his jaw drooped.

The outlaw rested limply on the girl's breast while she sopped at his bleeding temple. Her clothes were awry, her face tear-stained and swollen.

It was not this that abashed the little man and shattered his complacency, leaving him gasping; it was the look of her eyes. She flashed upon him the glare of an animal at bay, while she spoke words that left him benumbed.

"You've killed him! Oh, I hate you!" Then she addressed the wounded man, unconscious of their presence: "Link, speak to me. It's Milly—Milly, your little sister."

Shorty slammed the door abruptly in the faces of the others.

"Git some water and bandages, Charlie, quick. It's plumb indecent to butt into the sanctity of the Red Cross this way."

He moved away, with the messengers following.

"Guess we'd better tie him up, hadn't we?" said Winters.

"Tie who up?" Shorty inquired.

"That feller."

"Why?"

"So's he can't play the 'Maiden's Prayer,' or bite his finger nails, of course," Winters replied with elaborate sarcasm.

"I don't rightly get you—gi' me a hand. Jest because a passenger is shot up inadvertent, what's the use of ropin' him?"

"Passenger?" Both men stared at him, then the spokesman laughed nastily, a mocking, dry, mirthless laugh.

"Oh, I see. What's become of that little souvenir? Thought you had something to show for the hold-up?"

"So I have. Here it is." The driver displayed his useless left arm. "Jest missed my funnybone." Then, as the other regarded him fixedly with unwinking, sceptical stare, the chords of his bull neck thickened ominously, while his voice grew raucous with rage. He exploded harshly, shaking in Winters' face an ape-like, hairy arm, ending in a fist resilient as concrete.

"Don't do that, ye catfish! If ye want any o' my game you're on from two bits to a million dollars' worth. I'll stroll into ye like an avalanche into a custard pie. You put the reverse English on them sarcasms. Stop it, I say!"

Winters is a mountaineer, also a shotgun guard. Such men do not frighten by word of mouth. Neither, on the other hand, do they search the byways and blind trails of life for trouble. When one lives with a short-barreled "Number Ten" in his lap he grows to hunger for Arcady and the pastoral walks of harmony. Moreover, the wilder the wilderness, the more gentle the chivalry it breeds.

His eyes had narrowed ominously, while a sinister whiteness, born of compression, paled his lips; then through the stage window he glimpsed the face of a girl. It was strained and tense, and she listened breathlessly, hanging upon his words. The iron softened in his voice, and he said quietly: "Let's have a drink, pal."

They filed into the low room and gravely filled their glasses, Shorty still panting from his anger.

"S'ow!" they said and tossed it off.

As the stocky driver wallowed forth and climbed the wheel for his three-mile Auburn drive, Winters gazed at his companion solemnly. Then, without facile disturbance, one eyelid fell slowly in a wink of great understanding, and delving into a pocket he drew forth the soiled and bloody half of a bandanna. It had eyeholes and a string at the upper corners, forming a rude road agent's mask. This he tore up and tossed out of the window into the river.

"As I have allus observed," said he, "outside of wimmen folks there's nothin' more onreliable an' deceivin' than circumstantial evidence—when it's destroyed."



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- WE -

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Fast color: Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Medium weight Egyptian Cotton. Sizes 8 to 11. Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for \$2.00.

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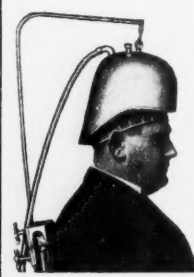

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The Vacuum method is the kind of exercise that makes the blood circulate. It gently draws the pure and undiluted blood to the scalp and feeds the shrunken hair roots. This causes the hair to grow. It is the simple, common-sense principle of PHYSICAL CULTURE, applied to the scalp.

Our Guarantee (Backed by the Bank):

We will send you by prepaid express, an Evans Vacuum Cap, allowing you ample time to prove its virtue and all we ask of you is to deposit the price of the appliance in the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis during the trial period, subject to your own order. If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair to convince you that this method is effective, simply notify the bank and they will return your deposit.

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THE NORTH COAST EMPIRE

(Continued from page 18)

Portland was the ideal and logical centre for the Lewis and Clark commemoration. Every American is compelled to pass through our great wonderland to reach it, and the fair ground itself centres in superlative scenery. The towering snow peaks of Mounts Hood, St. Helens, and Adams, linked by the long Cascade chain, put any artificial Tyrolean park to ridicule. Warships, ocean greyhounds, great trans-Pacific sailing vessels, and transcontinental palace trains, perpetually passing the exposition grounds, form a living transportation exhibit with which no other exposition has ever been able to compete.

The exposition itself is small and unimportant after the great shows of Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis. Notwithstanding, the Lewis and Clark Exposition has a distinguishing individuality. The Forestry Building is a working exhibit of the great timber resources of the Northwest. Constructed of huge logs felled along the Columbia River, it is perhaps the most unique architectural creation ever seen at a public exposition.

The water features, which so embellished the shows at Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis, have been enlarged upon at Portland, and the two hundred and twenty acres of Guild's Lake will at night, by virtue of the submerged electric lamps, resemble a sea of phosphorescent water.

The European, Oriental, Agricultural and Horticultural, Mining, and Government Buildings, as well as the State's Buildings and "The Trail" (the "Pike" and "Midway" of 1905), will have their full quota of attractions, as every exposition goer knows. But the real Lewis and Clark Exposition is outside the pine board fence. It is outside of Portland—it is more than Oregon. It is the whole great Empire of the North Coast States. The Rockies, the Yellowstone, the Columbia River, the Cascades, Alaska, Puget Sound, the Yosemite, Crater Lake, the Pacific Coast, and the greatest industrial growth ever developed in a quarter of a century make up the real exposition, and no American can afford to miss it. The lath-and-plaster palace at Portland is but an embellished terminal, a thing to create cheap rates and to induce every American to go and see his own.

Oregon Not All Stolen

Oregon has for years been afflicted with a cancer known as the land conscience. It has fastened itself upon its highest as well as its humblest citizens. But there is yet good land in Oregon that has not been stolen, and the judicial disinfectant which the United States Government is now applying is fast reclaiming much of the land that was "appropriated." The patriarchal beards were wise enough to lay claim to a good thing. Oregon is a great State. As an agricultural State it is as old and well tried as Minnesota, Kansas, or Nebraska. The Willamette River Valley is a matchless farming land. It was the Mecca of ambitious agriculturists before gold was discovered in California. The dairy products of that one valley alone amount to seven million dollars a year, and the prize beef at St. Louis last year came from there. It's a country where the farm hands get "well fixed" so fast there is no one left to milk the cows.

Coos County, Oregon, is typical of the enterprise, industry, and thrift of all the Northwestern States. There is a county of farmers and lumbermen with one hundred and twenty-five miles lying between it and the nearest railroad, and yet they erect at the Portland Fair a twenty-five thousand dollar building in which to exhibit their wares. What say you, Pike County, Indiana, to this? The banks of Oregon have deposits to the amount of \$2,600 to every man, woman, and child within its borders, and Oregon is not the greatest of these States.

The lumber industry of Idaho, Washington, and Oregon—still in its infancy—is the greatest in the history of our country, and will be sufficient when developed to supply the building timber for all the world for centuries to come. Already Portland and the Puget Sound cities are the greatest lumber-shipping centres in the world. In every Cascade canyon will be heard the burr of the buzz and the band saws. Lewis and Clark found our exhaustless timber lands.

But the greatest industrial conquest that has followed the trail of Lewis and Clark is the conversion of wasting mountain waters to the parched lands of the deserts. Irrigation is King. Ten years ago it was an experiment. To-day it is employing more than a billion dollars, and, though a giant, it has just begun to grow. It is the Antæus of American industry, doubling in power with every touch to earth. The hopeless interior of Oregon and Washington, as well as the great stretches of Idaho, are beginning to bloom. Wealth is being created from the great storehouses of water, sunshine, and soil. Five hundred thousand acres of Oregon's arid land will be transformed to a garden this year alone. The United States will learn that it has a bigger use for its money than buying gold braid for tin soldiers; that it has yet room for the emigrant who comes to do and dare. Prosperity lies waiting on the desert. Where once roamed the savage half-starved Yakima, to-day stands a community more thickly settled by far than the farm regions of Rhode Island. Wenatchee, Ritzville, Kennewick, Lewiston, Missoula, and other horticultural centres are monuments to the marvels of the most ancient agricultural system which has been redemonstrated in Western America. When ten acres of land can yield a profit under this system which two hundred acres will refuse to do in either New Jersey or Connecticut, the power of the ditch is proven, and either irrigation will go east of the Mississippi or the people of the East will move to the Pacific Coast.

It has been said that had the Pilgrim fathers sailed into Puget Sound New England would be a goat pasture to-day. Certainly with intensive farming under the "water-wealth" system there would have been little inducement to seek the stony Berkshire Hills.

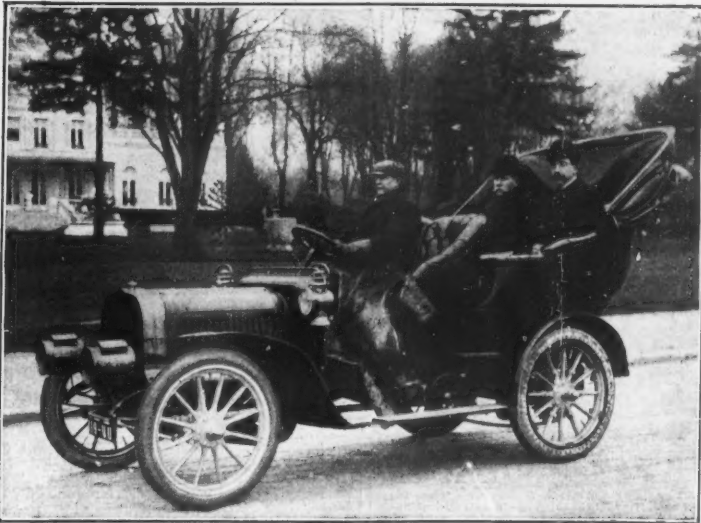
Ornamental Pickles

Every well-regulated New England home has one best parlor which is only opened for the preacher's call. On the marble centre-table is a glass-covered vase of wax flowers. That centre-table in Idaho or Washington holds a huge glass jar of pickled fruit, the pride of every grower. It is more the product of brain than hand. It is the insignia of not only a new agricultural, but a new social and economic era. Washington will some day be the home of ten millions of prosperous people. Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Oregon will follow, and the Southwest will come with them. The congestion of cities will dissipate over the wide free land. The whole State of Washington will some day have a house centred in a ten-acre yard. This is not the possibility of intensive and irrigated farming; it is the plain, unimaginative, stubborn probability.

The President of the Ditch is a big man in the West. The ditch, like a railroad, is a great engineering feat. It clings to the sides of high cliffs, circles mountains, and tunnels through ranges, and it empties its burden over the earth's brick-like crust; growing trees, ripening fruits, and yellowing grains; homes are built, and the United States expands. The town last year that built along the ditch with three hundred people, and shipped a few crates of berries to Eastern markets, this year has expanded to thirteen hundred people, orders a train of cold storage-cars for their produce, and then wires Nat Goodwin an offer of a thousand dollars to stop off and give a one-night show.

But the wonderland in which it all is set is the marvel of largest measure. Americans go to Switzerland to see glaciers, not knowing that we have greater ones right here at home. The largest cave in the world is found in Idaho. Its chambers are often as high as five to seven hundred feet, and thus far the overwhelming enormity of it has intimidated the most daring, and only thirty miles

The Toledo in Paris



From an actual photograph of Type VIII, Pope-Toledo, 30 H. P. Price \$3,500. Gen. Horace Porter and Secretary in Tonneau. Taken in front of the home of Count and Countess Boni de Castellane, Paris, France, January 1905.

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and animals. A delightful work for Men, Women and Boys. Quickly learned during spare time. Fascinating, profitable. Adorn home, den and office with beautiful specimens. Thousands of successful students. Standard methods, highest references. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Our new catalog *Handily Free*. Write for one today. The N.W. School of Taxidermy, 5 A Street, Omaha, Neb.

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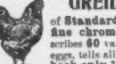
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THE NORTH COAST EMPIRE

(Continued from page 25)

of its underground course has been explored. Perhaps no country abroad, even Italy and Switzerland, can match the wonderful lakes and rivers and mountains of Idaho alone. The ride from Wallace to Spokane over the Cœur d'Alene lake is not surpassed even by the environs of Lake Como. The Japanese themselves admit that Tacoma is as majestic as their own sacred Fujiyama, and Mount Hood is a monarch that no poet can half begin to reach. As the Hungarian Commissioner to the Lewis and Clark Exposition surveyed the City of Roses from the heights of Portland's western hills, looked across the Columbia's broad green valley to the snow-capped peaks of St. Helens, Adams, and Hood, he shook his head and said, "What I can not see is why the American people go to Switzerland to see the mountains. It is foolish for them to do so, for they have a country so much more beautiful right here at home. I wish I could live here always."

The navigable waters of the Columbia River flow through two thousand three hundred and fifty miles of marvelous and gigantic scenery. Snow-capped peaks slope down to the river's edge, great palisades wall the river in deep gorges, and waterfalls from eight hundred to a thousand feet in height plunge over the towering basalt formations. Massive rocks resembling huge medieval fortresses stand like monitors on the river's course. Through the breaks in the rugged rocky hills are seen glimpses of the fertile valleys. Through the wonderful Walla Walla land this great river and its principal tributary, the Snake, flow through great expanses of waving wheat. No river in the world is so diversified in its scenery and no watercourse is half so wonderful.

"See once Columbia's scenes, then roam no more;
 No more remains on earth for mortal eyes."

But there yet remains the Valley of the Yosemite; Mount Shasta, the grand guardian of northern California, and, greatest of all, the Yellowstone, the peerless wonder of the world. Writers have toured the globe to see it and there laid down their pens. As Kipling has said, "Eyes may see, but it never can be told." That such a resourceful country, abounding in such natural wonders, should have become ours through the persistent faith and dogged perseverance of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark a century ago, should be the source of greatest gratitude in every patriot's heart, and the American who in quest of recreation and wisdom has been to Europe twice and never been to our Pacific seaboard once should realize that he is a fool.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland is great because of all it signifies. Let us not forget that a hundred years ago Briton and Frenchman and Spaniard were hammering at our gates. In our abundance and luxury let us recount those rugged days when Indians beleaguered our wooden castles and wolves pawed our cabin doors. It required hero stuff to build our North Coast Empire, and upon an immortal four will ever rest that glory: Thomas Jefferson, the nation builder; Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, the Empire hunters, and the red-skinned girl Sacajawea, who led them to their conquest. In all the annals of history there is no story to parallel that of the Indian bird-woman who more than once saved the heart of that great enterprise from swift decay, and even denied her own papoose the long-saved crusts that the strength of our color-bearers might not fade. With outstretched arm she led a hostile race that they might build great cities over the graves of her kind. But for her the turrets and towers that rose along the trail might to-day fly the bunting of a foreign flag. She was the silent, faithful, untiring pathfinder who led the Stars and Stripes up Missouri's waters, over the great Rocky divide, and down the "Sunset River" to the great father of seas that white children might some day sing the song she herself had loved long before its words were framed, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." She, like Columbus, believed that "One day with life and heart is more than time enough to find a world." Into the heart of Jefferson's brave explorers she kept that spirit aflame. And so we celebrate.

RICHARD LLOYD JONES.

WHEN THE SLEEPERS WAKE

(Continued from page 17)

into several blocks of Broad Street, and was an outpouring almost unique for white-hot, genuine civic spirit that meant business with ballot or bayonet. Just how Philadelphia felt on the night of May 26 is reflected in these words from the address of former Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, a Republican, and the editor of the Philadelphia "Press":

"You are justified in saying to your representatives: 'You can not safely betray us. We demand that you shall stand with the people against the plunderers. We shall observe the law. We shall respect the restraints of an orderly community. But if you persist in trying to bind us in the grasp of bandits, we shall show you how self-respecting and self-defending men can deal with you. Make your choice.'"

On that night the "honor roll" included the names of twenty-two Common Councilmen and seven Select Councilmen who had deserted the Machine, won over by personal pressure, by the "social boycott," by the influence of their constituents, to whom they had never before paid any heed. The Mayor needed a total of nineteen more votes to uphold his coming veto. He was sure to get them within the next five days. On this Friday he was fairly mobbed when he appeared on the street. No citizen of Philadelphia has been more honored by spontaneous tribute of the crowds. From the windows of the offices in the Betz Building, "Izzy" Durham, a beaten Boss, saw John Weaver, "his Mayor," fight a way through shouting thousands.

Smashed Overnight

The victory came on Saturday, May 28, when the U. G. I. Company withdrew its offer to pay the city \$25,000,000 for the privilege of extending its lease fifty-three years after its termination in 1927. President Dolan of the Gas Company tried to persuade Durham to keep his word and jam the bill through in the face of the revolution. But Durham saw clearly that such folly would wreck his Machine beyond repair, and he advised surrender. It was his one shrewd stroke, for it was thus made to appear that the Gas Company had struck its colors to popular opinion. But Durham's attempt to "save his face" was futile. Two days later, the Vares, two brothers who have held the southern part of the city in the hollow of their hands for the Machine, came out for the Mayor. The rout was complete.

Weaver was sobered by the size of his victory. He said to an adviser: "I am afraid this means danger. I don't know what it means. It can't be that we have really smashed them almost overnight."

Nevertheless, John Weaver, for whom the clergy were praying three months ago that the Lord would give him moral courage and backbone, is at the head of the Republican organization of Philadelphia, Mayor in fact, and the biggest man in the Keystone State. The grafters were not only routed but despoiled. Confident of success, leaders, councilmen, lieutenants had bought U. G. I. Company stock at 120, and saw it crash down to 103. This disaster "broke" some of the fattest purses within the shadow of City Hall. Mayor Weaver has until 1907 to build up his organization. Around him will rally the bulk of the Republican and Independent forces.

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"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk alone at my meals, but it never helped me physically, and at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum Coffee."

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it brewed right found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum Food Coffee!"

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than I ever was before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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